★ May 2, 1942

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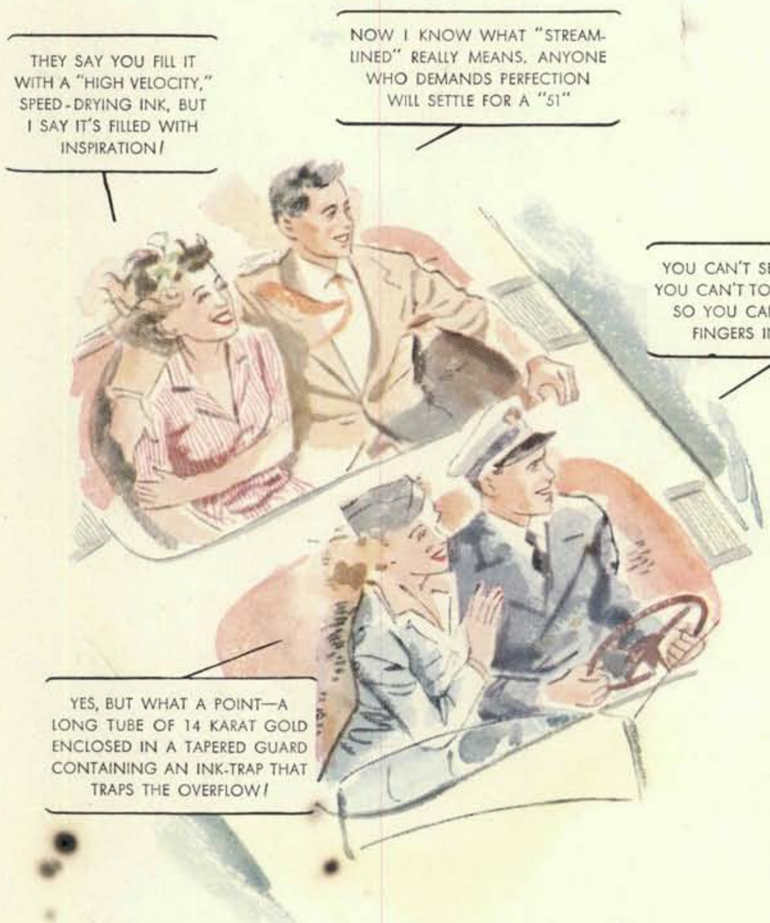
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CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 9.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew *Jonathan* by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best foreign play. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Café Crown—The special humor of Second Avenue and the Yiddish Art Theatre transferred to the stage by H. S. Kraft. Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are fine as local celebrities. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Candida—Katharine Cornell, Raymond Massey, and Burgess Meredith in three more performances of the Shaw play, under the direction of Guthrie McClintic. Sponsored by the American Theatre Wing as a benefit for Army and Navy relief organizations. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Thurs. and Fri. Afts., April 30-May 1, at 2:40, and Sun. Eve., May 3, at 8:40.)

Guest in the House—Mary Anderson, Louise Campbell, and Leon Ames in a rather underrated piece about a terrible young woman who wrecks a tranquil Connecticut household. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Jason—A playwright teaches a critic to love his fellow-man and then spoils it all by trying to seduce his wife. Highly implausible but fairly entertaining. With Lee J. Cobb and Nicholas Conte. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Johnny 2 x 4—The spirit of the prohibition era recaptured in a melodrama that is pretty good fun, though a little simple-minded. A large cast includes Jack Arthur, Barry Sullivan, and the Yacht Club Boys. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are very fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Moon Is Down—John Steinbeck's point is that herd men sometimes win battles but always lose wars. Unfortunately, his play about a conquered country doesn't prove it very convincingly. The cast includes Ralph Morgan, Whitford Kane, and Otto Kruger. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Spring Again—Grace George, C. Aubrey Smith, and Joseph Buloff perform very capably in a fairly comic account of how a lady gets rid of her father-in-law's ghost. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Yesterday's Magic—That play about the attempted comeback of an aging and drunken actor. Emlyn Williams, the author; Paul Muni, the star; and the Theatre Guild are hardly to be congratulated. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Life of Reilly—A comedy by William Roos, with Glenda Farrell. Produced by Day Tuttle and Harald Bromley. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Best Foot Forward—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane wrote the music and lyrics; Jo Mielziner did the scenery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Keep 'Em Laughing—A superior vaudeville show containing Victor Moore, William Gaxton, the Hartmans, Hildegarde, and the best troupe of performing dogs you've ever seen. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sat. and Sun. at 5:30.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera. The cast includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Porgy and Bess—Catfish Row resurrected, and about time, too. Cheryl Crawford's production, with most of the original cast, is a delight in every way. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., May 1, for the Actors' Fund.)

Priorities of 1942—A vaudeville show that should appeal to the old enthusiasts. On this week's bill: Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, Phil Baker, Paul Draper, and Hazel Scott. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sat. and Sun. at 5:30.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Carmen Miranda (through Sun., May 3), Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser help Olsen and Johnson to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Harlem Cavalcade—A vaudeville show presented by Ed Sullivan, with Noble Sissle's orchestra, the Peters Sisters, Moke and Poke, and many other members of past colored revues. Opens Thurs., April 30. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly at 8:30; also Sat. at midnight. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sun. at 5:30.)

The Walking Gentleman—A melodrama by Grace Perkins and Fulton Oursler, with Victor Francen, Arlene Francis, and Richard Gaines. Produced by Albert Lewis. Opens Mon., May 4. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., April 30-May 2; "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 7-9; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Savonarola—Brandon Peters, Morgan Farley, and Albert Carroll in a play by Father Urban Nagle. Presented by the Blackfriars' Guild: Thurs. through Sun. Eves., April 30-May 3, at 8:50. (Blackfriars' Theatre, 320 W. 57. CI 7-0236.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Dance Players—This new company, under the direction of Eugene Loring, will present "Prairie," "The Man from Midian," and "Billy the Kid," Thurs. Eve., April 30; "Prairie," "City Portrait," and "Jinx," Fri. and Sat. Eves., May 1-2; "Billy the Kid," "The Man from Midian," and "Harlequin for President," Sat. Aft., May 2; "Harlequin for President," "City Portrait," and "The Man from Midian," Sun. Aft., May 3; "Prairie," "Jinx," and "Billy the Kid," Sun. Eve., May 3, final performance of the season. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Maslow, Dudley, and Bales—Three young American dancers, appearing with their companies: Sun. Eve., May 3, at 9. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra will play for dancing in the Trianon Room until it closes on Wed., May 6. The following night the orchestra will move into the Garden, which is reopening with a benefit for the Navy League.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has Ray Heatherton's orchestra supplying dance music and casual entertainment.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical place, with palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Songs by Carol Bruce (through Sat., May 2) and music by Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and a samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Well thought of by fugitives from swing, including a large number of conservative undergraduates. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, all done up in red, white, and blue, offers music by Stanley Melba's orchestra, and there's a small show, too.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—You'll find Russell Swann, the magician, in the perennial Persian

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 11, May 2, 1942. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1942, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Canada, $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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Visibility Low

BACK in the mid-year of 1918, this country was deeply discouraged by the war outlook. Russia had withdrawn as an ally. The Germans were pressing the French and British back toward Paris and the Channel. Only a few American troops had reached the front. Submarine destruction of Atlantic shipping was near its peak.

On the home front, war had brought innovations—heatless and meatless days, Government administration of the railroads, creation of the War Finance Board. The Third Liberty Loan of $3 billions had just been offered at 4¼%. Trading on the Stock Exchange was stagnant. Industrial stocks were 25% lower than at present, but rails were 300% higher.

Economic visibility at that stage was as near zero as it is today. No one was far-seeing enough to anticipate the post-war boom and depression or the onset of unprecedented political and social change.

Today, invested wealth again faces uncharted hazards. The outlook calls for special vigilance and trained judgment.

Our first duty as a conservative trust institution is to maintain the strongest possible protection over funds entrusted to our care. For that purpose a large staff of specialists is maintained, whose sole duty is to provide full information for our investment guidance. We believe that these facilities may prove valuable in the days ahead, and we shall be glad to discuss them with you.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 9.

Room, where Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Eleanor French, Billy de Wolfe, and Helen Tamiris head the show in this lofty lookout. Leo Reisman's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr's orchestra will be in the Iridium Room until it closes on Sat., May 2. The Viennese Roof will reopen on Tues., May 5, with a Musicians Emergency Fund benefit and the same band.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Café Lounge, with Bob Grant's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Paul Draper dances inimitably in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour and Freddy Martin's orchestra is there throughout the evening. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Paula Laurence, singing those songs of hers, heads the show in this small, quiet place. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings her hearty songs, and there are other performers as well. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room. . . . **TONY'S**, 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): gin rummy here too, as well as piano-playing by Cy Walter and guest entertainers now and then. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of spot, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show that includes Mary Raye and Naldi and Jack Gilford. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with music coming at you pretty fast from Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie South's band; Zero Mostel is on hand too. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a Russian program, with folk songs and such. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Tommy Tucker's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra will be replaced by Johnny Long's on Fri., May 8. The ice show will stay on. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra will be replaced by Charlie Spivak's on Mon., May 4. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra will be replaced by Walter Perner's on Fri., May 8. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

Note—The Claremont Inn, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600), is now open for dancing.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra surrounded by South Americana. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with Pilar Lopez, the dancer, and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): the humor here isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is the mainstay at present. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Gilda Gray, and Carlyle Blackwell.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Pee Wee Russell at the head of a shifting personnel. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

Abstractionists—A compact but extremely well-selected collection, covering the main figures of the movement both here and abroad, from Marcel Duchamp to our own Stuart Davis: New Art Center, 715 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

Bosa—Fluid, lively little oils, principally of city-genre subjects: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 2.

Burlin—First one-man show in ten years by a painter who has worked through many styles to emerge with a thoroughly personal, oddly mystical Expressionist manner: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

Carroll—New oils, sleekly wistful and sentimental, as usual: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2.

Children—Paintings, some of them remarkably vivid and acute in feeling, by Mexican and American youngsters: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 2.

Dove—New oils, boldly patterned and colorful as ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 27.

Flemish Primitives—Twenty-eight paintings in a handsome showing that includes Hans Memling, Gerard David, Petrus Christus, and most of the other great names of the pre-Renaissance period; a benefit for free Belgian sailors: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 9.

French—At the **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: recent water colors by Raoul Dufy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 16. . . . **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57: oils by Renoir, Degas, Monet, Pissarro, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 46 W. 57: lithographs by Honoré Daumier. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

Gropper—A considerable advance in painting skill makes this new show of oils his liveliest and best: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 9.

Groups—At the **DEMOTTE**, 39 E. 51: an impressive list of paintings and sculptures, ranging from Bellini to Picasso and Despiau, lent by an equally impressive array of stage, screen, and radio people; a war-relief benefit. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: spring showing of new paintings by Karfiol, Kuniyoshi, Sheeler, and other artists associated with this gallery. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **PUMA**, 59 W. 56: religious paintings and sculptures by Jean Charlot, Max Beckmann, Louis Slobodkin, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 10. . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: paintings by Drewes, Feininger, Nordfeldt, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 23.

Knaths—An American abstractionist shows some well-conceived studies on native themes: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The Museum's collection of Rembrandts, shown in its entirety for the first time, and the Gallatin collection of Greek vases, with over two hundred and fifty examples, ranging from the seventh to the second centuries B.C. (both through Thurs., April 30); also, stirring architectural etchings by Piranesi (through May 31). "Cartoons of the Day," an exhibition in which such artists as Gropper, Kirby, Garrett Price, Raemaekers, and Soglow are represented, will open on Sat., May 2. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Meyer—Landscapes and city subjects, done with considerable skill and insight: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 9.

Museum of Living Art, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through the summer.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Large, beautifully selected exhibition of paintings by Henri Rousseau, *douanier*; also, abstract art by various European and American masters, partly loans and *partly from the Museum's permanent collection* (both through Sun., May 3). In the Young People's Gallery, paintings and sculptures, the work of modern artists and selected for their appeal to children (through May 10). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The institution's hundred-and-sixteenth annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 16.

Osborne—Paintings of New York and Havana, flatly patterned and agreeably simplified: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 16.

Portraits—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such not so well-known artists as Francis Abbott and Nathaniel Dance: Newton, 11 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., May 2.

Santo—Small, delicately naïve water colors, chiefly of landscapes and flowers: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 9.

Stanley and Acheson—Crisply atmospheric water colors of Central America by the first; oils, mostly landscapes and more broadly handled, by the second: Argent, 42 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2.

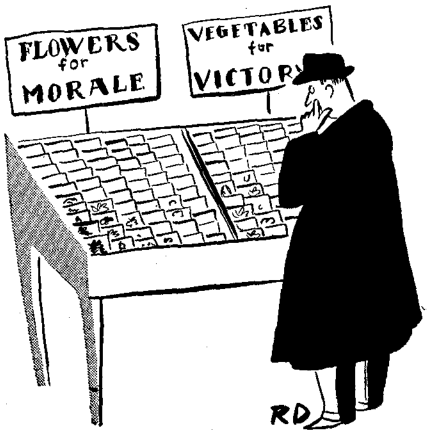
Sterner—Smooth, impeccable oils, somewhat surrealist in manner: Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57; 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., April 30.

Tanguy—More adventures on the plane of dreams, gently poetic and mistily evocative as ever: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 9.

Tchelitchew—*Wash drawings for the most part, all* featuring double-image effects and almost too elaborately done: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 23.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Selected sculptures by contemporary Americans and paintings from the Museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

Here and There—At the **ZBOROWSKI**, 61 E. 57: pen and pencil drawings by Max Jimenez. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **SACHS**, 63 E. 52: "The Animal in Ancient Art," including small sculptures, ceramics, and other archaic objets d'art. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 15. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: paintings by Harry Dix. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 8. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57: water colors by Gina Knee. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: small paintings by contemporary Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 16. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: paintings by Paul Meltsner. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **NAVY LEAGUE**, 746 Madison, at 64: benefit showing of works by abstract artists, arranged by A. E. Gallatin. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: recent oils by Tschacbasov. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **FIFTEEN**, 37 W. 57: small paintings by Norman Mason. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: paintings by A. E. Gallatin. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 9.



MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Toscanini conducting the final concerts of a post-season Beethoven Festival: the "Fidelio" overture, the Triple Concerto, with Dorfmann, Piastro, and Schuster, and Symphony No. 7, Fri. Aft., May 1, at 2:30; Symphonies No. 8 and 9, with Kirk, Eustis, Johnson, Kipnis, and the Westminster Choir, Sun. Eve., May 3, at 8:45.

Bach Festival—The Juilliard orchestra, chorus, and soloists, Stoessel conducting: Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122 (MO 2-3302), Thurs. and Sat. Eves., April 30 and May 2, at 8:30.

University Women's Chorus—Watkins conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Fri. Eve., May 1, at 8:45.

N.Y.U. Concert—The symphony orchestra and the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 30,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 9.

men's and women's glee clubs: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., May 6, at 8:30.

Music and Art Symphony Orchestra—Assisted by the choral society, McArthur conducting; soloists, Renardy and Ross: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., May 7, at 8:45. (For tickets, call WI 7-2909.)

Golden Hill Chorus—Assisted by the Downtown Glee Club, Mead conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 8, at 8:30.

Doctors Orchestral Society—Mahler conducting; soloist, Schuster: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., May 8, at 8:30.

Benefit Recitals—Hans Barth, for the MacDowell Colony: Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58, Thurs. Eve., April 30, at 8:15. (For tickets, call CI 7-7000.) . . . Jarmila Novotna and Jan Kiepura, for Polish and Czecho-Slovakian refugees: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., May 9, at 8:15.

OPERA

San Carlo Company—"Carmen," Thurs. Eve., May 7; "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., May 8; "The Secret of Suzanne" and "Martha," Sat. Aft., May 9; "Aïda," Sat. Eve., May 9. (Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20. Mat. at 2:20.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. Aft., April 30, at 3; Yankees vs. Detroit, Fri. Aft., May 1, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 2, at 2:30; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sun. through Tues. Afts., May 3-5, at 3; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 6-7, at 3; Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., May 8, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 9, at 2:30. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. Aft., May 8, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 9, at 2:30.

Crew—On **SAT. AFT., MAY 2**—Blackwell Cup, Yale-Columbia-Pennsylvania, Derby, Conn.: freshman at 5:30; junior varsity at 6; varsity at 6:30. . . . Navy-Cornell, Annapolis: freshman at 3; junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4. . . . Compton Cup, Princeton-Harvard-M.I.T., Princeton: freshman at 5; junior varsity at 5:30; varsity at 6.

SAT. AFT., MAY 9—Childs Cup, Columbia-Princeton-Pennsylvania, Harlem River: freshman at 3; junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4. . . . Cornell-Syracuse, Ithaca: freshman at 5; junior varsity at 5:30; varsity at 6. . . . Goldthwait Cup (150-lb. crews), Princeton-Harvard-Yale, Princeton: freshman at 4; junior varsity at 4:20; varsity at 4:40.

Dog Show—Orange Kennel Club, South Orange, N.J., Sat., May 9, at 10 A.M.; Navy Relief Society benefit.

Fencing—National Team Championships, foil, épée, and sabre: Fencers Club, 320 E. 53, Sun. Aft., May 3, at 2.

Horse Show—Hutchinson Show, New Rochelle, Sun., May 3, at 9 A.M.

Hunt Races—Virginia Gold Cup Association, Warrenton, Sat., May 2, at 4 P.M. . . . Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Broad Axe, Pa., Sat., May 2, at 3:15 P.M. . . . Radnor Hunt, Berwyn, Pa., Sat., May 9, at 2:30 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2 P.M.; through Sat., May 9. (The Grey Lag Handicap, May 9.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sats. and between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on other weekdays. . . . Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, Sat. Aft., May 2. No special trains or planes this year; if you're going by train, call PE 6-5600 for schedules; if by plane, HA 6-5000. . . . The Preakness, Pimlico, Sat. Aft., May 9.

Track—Metropolitan Championships, Randalls Island, Sat., May 9, at 2:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

The Circus—The Ringling show, again, with Norman Bel Geddes trappings: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; through May 10.

Museum of Modern Art—About seventy photographs by William Vandivert of England during two years of war (through May 10); also, an exhibition of wartime housing (through July 19): 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Planetarium—"Weather Signs in the Sky," the current lecture and demonstration designed to help you do your own weather-forecasting, will continue through May at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Fire-Fighting in Review—An exhibition, described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Fashion Exhibition—Twenty-eight up-to-date versions, by Monteil, Rosenstein, Valentina, and other American designers, of costumes portrayed in the Metropolitan Museum's collection of Renaissance art: at the Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

Garden Exhibitions—The gardens of Alfred de Liagre, Jr., 2 Sutton Pl. S.; Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff, 124 E. 62; Mr. and Mrs. John MacPherson, 14 E. 75; and Mrs. Akiba Weinberg, 12 E. 86: Tues. Aft., May 5, from 2:30 to 5:30. (For tickets, call Mrs. Howard S. Cullman, WI 2-0882.) . . . The gardens of Mrs. Gordon Knox Bell, 154 E. 66; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, 168 E. 71; Louis Salmer, 875 5 Ave., at 69; and Pearson Winslow, 885 Park, at 78: Wed. Aft., May 6, from 2:30 to 6. (For tickets, call Mrs. W. P. Hardenbergh, RH 4-3857.) . . . The gardens of Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, 2 E. 91; Mrs. J. Hamilton Coulter, 162 E. 83; Mrs. George Whitney, 120 E. 80; Mrs. Harold J. Roig, 117 E. 78; Douglas H. Allen, 130 E. 75; Mrs. T. Catesby Jones, 149 E. 73; Mrs. George Marshall, 218 E. 62; and Albert G. Milbank, 168 E. 74: Wed. Aft., May 6, from 3 to 6:30. (For tickets, call PL 8-2695.) . . . The park and gardens on the Yonkers estate of the late Samuel Untermyer are open to the public, Tues. through Sun. Afts., from 1 to 5.

Firearms Exhibition—A hundred and thirty revolvers, among them a number of historical pieces and two rare Whitneyville Walkers, all manufactured by Samuel Colt from 1836 to 1873: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., May 3.

On the Air—"Porgy and Bess," with the original cast, the first of a series of American operas conducted by Alfred Wallenstein: Thurs. Eve., May 7, at 8, WOR. . . . Racing: the Kentucky Derby, from Churchill Downs, Sat. Eve., May 2, at 6:15, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Elmer Davis, Mon. Eves. at 11, WABC; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, and Tues. Eves. at 11, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Thurs., Sat., and Mon. Eves. at 10, WOR; Dorothy Thompson, Thurs. Eves. at 8:45, WJZ; Wythe Williams, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 6 and 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 1:45, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

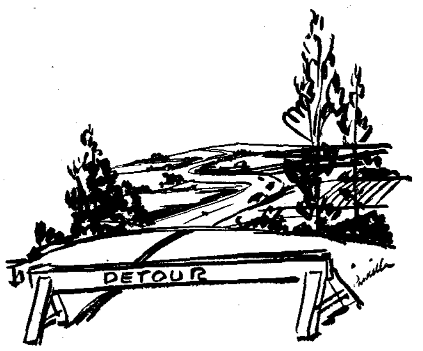
Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—American and English furniture, pewter, silver, and porcelains, and a collection of old shaving mugs, owned by Charles E. Carroll, John Hall Wheelock, the estate of the late E. Legrand Beers, and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 1-2, at 2. . . . Mrs. Julia Marlowe Sothern's collection of literature relating to the theatre; also, rare books from the libraries of the late C. L. Ricketts and the late Thomas A. Logue: Wed. through Fri. Afts., May 6-8, at 2.

At the **HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY HOUSE**, 871 5 Ave., at 68—The contents of the building, including paintings by Van Dyck, Lawrence, Gainsborough, and Boucher, and eighteenth-century French furniture: Thurs. Morn., April 30, at 11. (For admission cards, call Parke-Bernet Galleries, PL 3-7573.)

MOTION PICTURES

Captains of the Clouds—James Cagney in full flight, and in Technicolor, with added information on the R.C.A.F. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Tues., May 1-5. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Tues., May 2-5.)

Fantasia—Disney, along with Stokowski and his symphony orchestra, Deems Taylor, and all. The current version has been slightly trimmed and its special sound accompaniment toned down to the limitations of the average theatre. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., May 6. . . . R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., May 1-7.)



The Gold Rush—The Chaplin triumph of the old days, revised with music and spoken narrative by the master himself to suit our modern tastes. Altogether, still a triumph. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

The Invaders—Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey as three worthy Canadians who all at once have to deal directly with a small Nazi group just off a submarine. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., May 4. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., May 5-6.)

Lady in Distress—A superb English melodrama, not about the war. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., May 1-3. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., May 2-4.)

Moontide—A sombre sketch of life along the waterfront, imaginative and violent. Introducing Jean Gabin, with scarce a trace of accent, in his first American film. He is assisted by Ida Lupino and Thomas Mitchell. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Sullivan's Travels—Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea in an overpretentious comedy devised by the usually reliable Preston Sturges. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., May 2. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., May 6-7. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. through Fri., May 6-8.)

To Be or Not to Be—Carole Lombard's last film, and a surprising and charming comedy of life among theatre people in Poland, with the joke on the Gestapo. Jack Benny is very active throughout. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., May 4.)

Woman of the Year—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a comedy, which you may or may not like, about a sportswriter who marries a career girl. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Wed., May 6. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Thurs., May 7. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., May 6-9.)

REVIVALS

Chaplin Comedies (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (World, 153 W. 49; through Fri., May 8.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., May 2.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican village. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., May 1-4.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Eric von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. French. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., May 2-5.)

The Great Garrick (1937)—Brian Aherne, dressed up as the actor, and Olivia de Havilland. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Fri., May 1.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Comedy, Kern tunes, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., May 1.)

The Life of Emile Zola (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., April 30.)

Love from a Stranger (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., April 30.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Wed., May 3-6 . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., May 6-8.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., April 30. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., May 3-5.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing programs of American and European films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 30-MAY 1:** "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), Douglas Fairbanks. **SAT. AND SUN., MAY 2-3:** "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), Rudolph Valentino. **MON. AND TUES., MAY 4-5:** "Greed" (1924), Zasu Pitts, Jean Hersholt. **WED. AND THURS., MAY 6-7:** "High and Dizzy" (1920), Harold Lloyd; "The Navigator" (1924), Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend" (1906). **FRI. AND SAT., MAY 8-9:** "The Last Laugh" (1924), German film, with Emil Jannings.

cool city-cotton . . . neat and charmingly simple suit in waffle pique with gay, candy-striped gilet. Trustworthy Altman-combination of precise tailoring, reliable fabric . . . and an inspired way to keep cool and collected through a city summer. Black or navy with red and white gilet, sizes 12 to 20, 12.95.

Altman sportswear, third floor

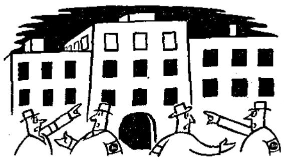
FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

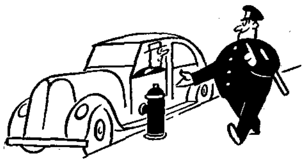
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Miss Spence's school for young ladies had a birthday the other day, its fiftieth, and celebrated the occasion with a banquet served in the high gymnasium of its building on East Ninety-first Street. We are sure it was a proud and happy affair, although personally all we saw was that handsome cars, many of them with white-wall tires in good condition, were drawn up outside and that the lights from the ten tall windows shone cheerfully. We can't tell you what they had for dinner or who the speakers were. The only thing we know of that might have marred the occasion was a blackout called in that district at nine o'clock, just when the waiters should have been passing the coffee and the speakers clearing their throats. Mrs. Carnegie, next door, blacked out promptly; her house steward is an air-raid warden. So did the Hammonds and the Trevors across the street. Mr. Marazzi, the druggist, and Mr. Gelbstein, the tailor, and Mr. Sharigan, the grocer down the street, all shut up shop. The rooming houses were dark; also the brewery and the garbage-disposal plant by the river. On Eighty-sixth Street the theatre marquees were put out, and the Yorkville beer gardens showed no lights. At Beth David Hospital on Ninetieth Street, an operation had to be performed, but the windows were blackened. The Nightingale-Bamford School, the Dalton School, the Sacred Heart, and P.S. 30 disappeared into the night. But not Miss Spence's. The area from Ninety-seventh to Eighty-sixth and from Central Park to the East River supplied an effective setting for the gay lights of Miss Spence's party. When the wardens set up a rude clamor outside, a police squad fended them off. "Special permission," they said. We were told that a Mr. Warburton, the husband of a trustee, had spoken to someone at the 23rd Precinct station house. The Spence young ladies are in good hands, we decided. They will know how to get along. Congratulations, Miss Spence's School, and many happy returns!



WALKING down the Avenue on one of those bright spring days last week, we had a distinct feeling of elation, war or no war, but soon thereafter were depressed by the thought that the faithful traffic cops can't go to the races any more when off duty, even in plain clothes. It seems to us that perhaps the Mayor and the Police Commissioner have gone too far in this moral matter. The more human a cop is, we suspect, the better a cop he will be, and a day of wholesome gambling at the pari-mutuels might easily make him more tolerant of mankind's foibles, especially if he hits the daily double. We hear all around that the Mayor has been acting peevish lately and we think that probably he needs to relax. We don't suggest a vacation so much as a mild, seasonal debauch of some sort—say, a friendly crap game with Mr. Valentine and five or six air-raid wardens. Are we covered for five?



Dr. Spencer Cowles' Body and Mind Foundation, now apparently in difficulties with the law, has always had a rather literary air about it, reminding us of one of those small, sinister nursing homes that keep turning up in English detective stories. One of the greatest actresses in America died there, under incomprehensible circumstances; the heir to a spectacular fortune came there and died, and the manner of his death was also never quite adequately explained; there were rumors of beautiful women and famous men who visited this fashionable retreat and underwent experiences too singular to be mentioned above a whisper. Frankly, we liked the idea of having such an establishment in New York, where life, at least in our circle, has seldom lived up to the mystery stories. Our imagination often played with the idea of lovely nurses abroad at night on sly, whispering errands; of cures perhaps more exotic than the complaints for which they were prescribed; above all, of the Doctor himself, urbane, inscrutable, the possessor of many curious secrets about the great. Dr. Cowles, in a sense, occasionally made us believe in Scotland Yard. We regret to say that none of the published accounts of the raid on 139 East Sixty-ninth Street seemed to bear out our dream in the slightest degree. Some two hundred and fifty patients, it appears, were given a dark-brown medicine, which made one man from New Jersey feel "dopey" for upward of twenty-four hours, and then they were all subjected to an inspirational talk by the proprietor, recently the author of a book with a foreword by Maurice Maeterlinck. In addition to this, there was only a rather plain young woman, to judge from her pictures, who unaccountably claimed to be a pediatric psychologist, though without explaining what services she was expected to perform for adult neurotics. Altogether, in our opinion the whole thing was a bust and, feeling rather cheated and empty, we returned to Miss Dorothy L. Sayers, who at least has sense enough not to begin a story with the strange death of an actress and end it with the arrest of a baby doctor.

"IF seated in the bleachers follow painted directional lines to the vomitory." We quote a handbill circulated at the Polo Grounds, giving instructions on what to do in an air raid. Somebody restrained the author—possibly the author's other self—from adding, "And if you don't know what a vomitory is, the hell with you."

We don't think that is any way to treat the followers of our National Pastime, and in their behalf have looked the word up in a large dictionary and would set down that a vomitory is something used by anybody leaving an amphitheatre or a tier of seats; it is an exit.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The producers of the radio serial called "Big Sister," who also make soap, recently offered to send their listeners seeds for a "victory flower garden."

According to the *World Almanac*, there are just two classifications of Japanese males, for the purpose of conscription: "fit" and "absolutely fit."

Preliminary to the construction of the new Army camp at New Brunswick, New Jersey, to be named after Joyce Kilmer, all the trees on the site have been cut down.

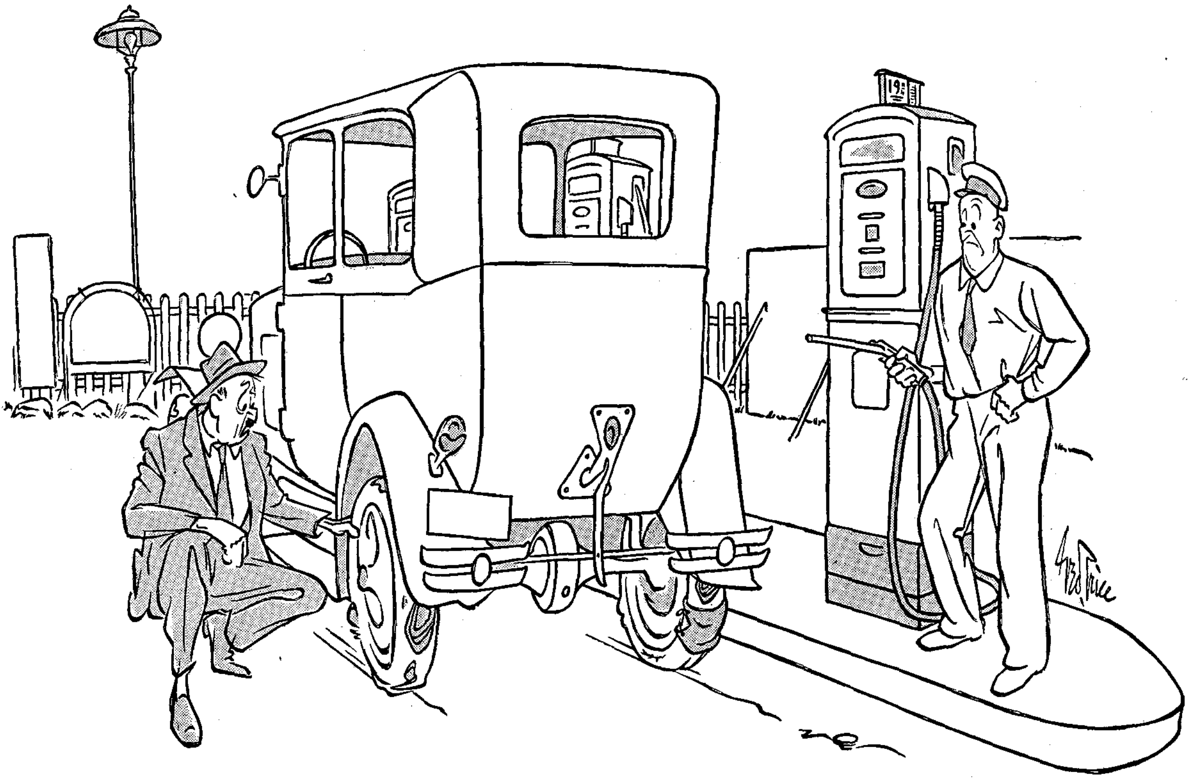
Goldrushiana

FOR his current revival of "The Gold Rush," Charlie Chaplin and his technical staff had to solve a fairly awesome mechanical problem arising out of the fact that seventeen years ago, when the film was made, projectors ran at a speed of sixty feet to the minute, whereas now the speed has been stepped up to ninety. This means that if you merely put an old-fashioned silent film into a modern projector, the action is fifty per cent faster than it was intended to be, which in the silent days was pretty fast anyway. The solution was to take a photograph of a frame (which is one of the thousands of little pictures that make up a movie film) and insert it into the film immediately after the original. In some sequences there's a new duplicate photograph every other frame, in others an insert for each two frames of the original. This slows down the action by one-half or one-third, as the case may be, and is undetectable, or would be if it weren't for vigilant journalists like us.

Many of the scenes in "The Gold Rush" have been pruned, on the theory that audiences catch on quicker than they did seventeen years ago, when the belief prevailed that a gag had to be repeated three times to be got over, and one can only trust that Chaplin is not living in a fool's paradise. For instance, early in the picture Charlie is shown wandering along a snowy trail followed by a bear. He looks around to see if anything is after him; just then the bear wanders into a cave and Charlie doesn't see him. In the original release, Charlie looked back three times. Now he looks back only once. Another gag has Charlie shovelling a path and dumping the snow in front of the jail. In 1925 a closeup of a sign reading "Jail" was judged necessary to keep the audience abreast of developments. In the new version, no closeup; the audience is supposed to recognize a jail. Some shots that were not included in the silent version when it was released have been taken off the shelf and added. For obvious reasons, no new scenes were shot. The additions have cancelled out the deletions and the speeding up beautifully, leaving "The Gold Rush" only three minutes shorter than it was in silent days.

The sound track, as you doubtless know, is a monologue spoken by Chaplin, describing, in the third person, the adventures and tribulations of "the little fellow," as he calls himself. Occasionally he breaks into dialogue, speaking the lines of all the other characters and sometimes using words actually spoken by the actors during the original filming. One notable caption is retained in its entirety and is carefully uttered by Chaplin: "Then Came the Dawn." And so it does. The music is about a fifty-fifty blend of Chaplin and other composers, including Wagner, who might be surprised to hear his "Ode to the Evening Star" used as a hunger motif. Incidentally, Chaplin is now remodelling "The Circus" and "City Lights," using the same technique. After that he plans to do a new film, about Landru, the French Bluebeard. The Chaplin Landru will be a hen-pecked husband who murders his wives in self-defense.

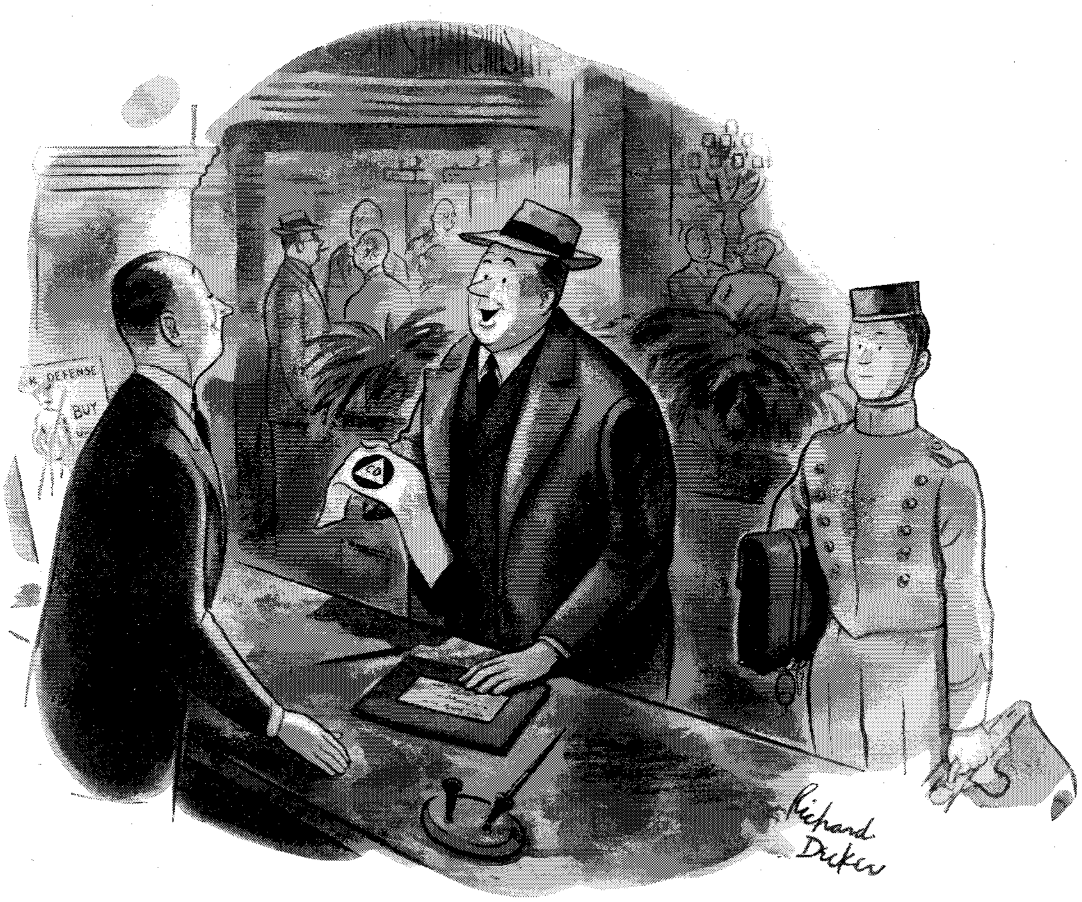
Nobody else in the original cast of "The Gold Rush" is now in pictures. Georgia Hale has retired, though she still lives in Hollywood. Mack Swain is dead. Henry Bergman no longer acts, though he works for Chaplin. Malcolm Waite and Tom Murray have dropped out of sight.



"I'm afraid three gallons will be about enough."

Punctilio

LADY we know returned from her morning shopping to find a young girl ringing her doorbell. They smiled agreeably at each other, and the girl said, "I have a free sample of soap for you." "Thank you," the lady said, holding out her hand. "Oh, I can't give it to you *now*," the visitor said. "Open your door and stand inside." Obligingly, the lady followed these instructions. When she was all set, the girl smiled again, and said, "Good morning, Madam, I have a sample of Swan Soap for you." Then she was off, having presumably carried out her instructions to the last detail.



"If I can be of any help while I'm here, just let me know."

Echoes of Whalen

THE World's Fair Corporation is still in existence, you may be interested to learn, with an active staff of three. We wrote about these men last year; it seemed odd that the Fair provided work for three men a year after it had closed, and now, two years after the closing, it seems even odder. Nobody could accuse these men of boondoggling, however. The three positions and the incumbents are Assistant Corporate Secretary, Thomas F. Marrah; Director of Import and Export, Herbert J. Slingo; and General Auditor, Edward Umgelter. The offices are at 45 Beaver Street. The trio is kept busy by a multitude of trifles and some matters of importance. The factor that has done most to spin out the Fair's existence is the possibility of lawsuits or claims for damages. Under the state laws, a corporation cannot get itself legally dissolved until all claims against it have been presented and settled. Another state law permits persons with personal-injury claims to wait three years before presenting them, so it's entirely possible that there will be a World's Fair until October, 1943. The Messrs. Marrah, Slingo, and Umgelter are trying to figure out some way to speed up their own dissolution but may just have to sit it out. The last big lawsuit—a contractor's claim against the Fair to cover a loss he sustained erecting buildings for concessionaires—has just been decided in favor of the Fair by the State Supreme Court. The remaining suits and claims are all rather piffling.

Meanwhile, people still call WOrld's Fair 6-1212 to ask when the Fair will open for the summer. The Telephone Company transfers these calls to Beaver Street, and either Marrah, Slingo, or Umgelter, whichever happens to pick up the telephone, says that the Fair closed in 1940. Invariably, the callers are surprised. There's a trickle of visitors to the office, mostly F.B.I. or Civil Service investigators checking up on former Fair employees who have applied for government work. Most of the correspondence is eccentric. An East Side lady wrote in demanding the arrest and conviction of a man who had molested her at the Fair in 1939. Another lady wanted to know the official names of the four pillars that used to stand in the Plaza of Light. They told her Fire, Earth, Air, and Water, of course. A man who wrote in for the words and music of "My Bicycle Girl," a number in "The American Jubilee," was referred to the publishers. A pharmacist in Asbury Park inquired about the prospects of purchasing used tables and chairs; he was told to get in touch with the Albert A. Volk Company, the wreckers who dismantled a large part of the Fair. A man in Tennessee wrote in to report that a pigeon marked with a trylon and perisphere had landed on his farm; the Fair triumvirate replied that they weren't surprised, a Mr. Ling of Brooklyn having received permission to band his birds this way. An urgent request came in for the name of the person who took first prize for crocheted bedspreads; this wasn't in the existing records, unfortunately.

There is now no more World's Fair, except as embodied in the official personalities of Marrah, Slingo, and Umgelter. Mr. Whalen no longer has any connection with the enterprise.

Resignation

MISS BIDU SAYAO, the Brazilian opera singer, has had a classic encounter with one of the local domestics. She engaged a new maid and in the course of outlining the girl's duties said that opera singers kept irregular hours and that breakfast was when she got up, no matter what time it was. The very next day, as it happened, Miss Sayao slept until two o'clock, recovering from a performance and a party that followed it. She rang for the maid, but there was no response. Finally she went out to the kitchen and there found a note. "This is ridiculous," it read. "Please send my check to the employment agency."

Second Bounce

DELVING into the subject of reclaimed rubber (which a year ago we would have thought beneath us), we find that for most civilian purposes it's about as good as crude rubber. It won't do for self-sealing airplane gasoline tanks, factory belting, or oil-drilling hose, but it's fine for rubber heels and the like. Automobile tires, except the most expensive, have always contained a goodly proportion of reclaimed rubber. A crude-rubber tire can be recapped more times than the others, but that's about the only difference; the Army used to specify crude-rubber tires on all equipment but has lately decided that it doesn't matter. After a six-foot drop, a reclaimed-rubber ball will bounce only a few inches less than one of crude rubber. Every day chemists are improving the reclaiming process and discovering new ways of utilizing scrap rubber, we're told. The latest triumph is two-way-stretch fabric, which used to require crude rubber. This will be used for civilian gas masks and some may be released for girdles.

As you'd expect, the greater part of the rubber reclaimed in this country comes from discarded automobile tires and tubes. Thousands and thousands are now lying in the yards of the reclaiming plants, mellowing. Seems that if rubber is weathered for a number of years it's easier to salvage. When a batch of tires are adjudged sufficiently mellow, they are first cut in two by a huge knife, and the metal beading that runs around the inside edge of the tire is taken out. The beading used to be discarded, but now, of course, it's turned over to the scrap-metal people. The tires are then put into a chopper and reduced to tiny bits. The bits are put under a magnet, which takes out the bottle caps, nails, and other odds and ends of metal found, inevitably, in any well-travelled tire casing. The next stop for the ex-tires is a tank containing a caustic solution which dissolves the cotton fabric. Then comes the crucial process of reclaiming the rubber, devulcanizing. Vulcanizing rubber is adding a chemical—sulphur, usually—which keeps it stable and workable at all reasonable temperatures. Devulcanizing is taking out the sulphur, or as much of it as possible. This is done by steam in pressure chambers. The rubber is then rolled out into sheets and is ready for use. About five per cent of the sulphur remains, and that's what makes reclaimed rubber inferior to crude.

The Unknown

A PRETTY little high-school girl was sitting quietly in her home in East Orange the other evening, struggling with her Cicero, when the telephone rang. "Hello, is that you, Louise?" a youthful male voice said.

"Yes."

"Well, this is Bill W——. Do you know me?"

"Let's see," Louise said, thinking hard. "You're on the junior-varsity baseball team. And you have a crew haircut. And a big collie," she concluded triumphantly.

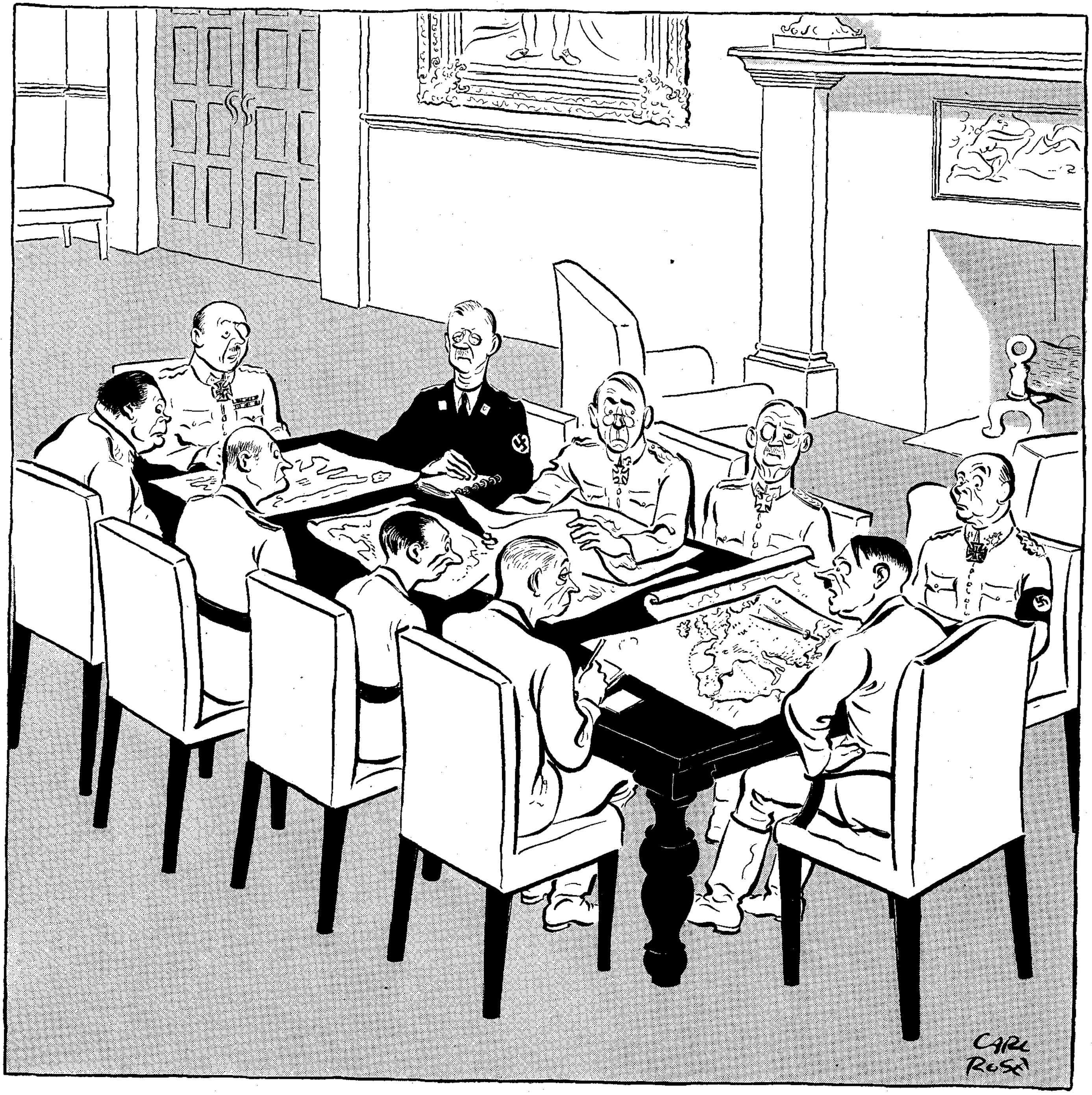
There was a poignant silence, then the voice said, with a sigh, "I see you *don't* know me. Not really. Goodbye."

There Goes Igor

WE don't want to stir up a controversy in musical and zoological circles, but it seems to be a fact that elephants don't like the music of Stravinsky. Normally, an elephant would not have to take a stand on Stravinsky, but this year's circus includes a number called "The Ballet of the Elephants," directed by George Balanchine, with music by Stravinsky. We were sufficiently curious about this rather arbitrary juxtaposition of talents to call on Walter McClain, the elephant trainer. Mr. McClain, a bald, rugged gent with a wisp of hay in his mouth, was standing near one of his charges in the basement, waiting for the matinée. "How do you like the music Stravinsky wrote for the elephant ballet?" we asked. "I've been told to say I like it," McClain replied unhappily. "The elephants like it?" we pursued. "I've got a herd of thirty-seven of the finest-trained cows in the world," McClain told us, "but this is how those girls feel about that music—they don't give a tinker's damn whether they work to it or not." He went on to explain that elephants work best to music with a strong beat. "And Stravinsky hasn't a strong beat?" we asked. "The girls and I have yet to detect *any* beat," said McClain coldly.

When rehearsals started in Sarasota this March, the elephants were brought up short by the Stravinsky music, McClain told us. They stood stock-still for a moment, looking like outraged patrons of the Philharmonic, then they began to trumpet fretfully. It was only after much goading that they could be prevailed upon to go into their dance. Their dance, incidentally, is the immemorial elephant routine, including marching, waltzing, whirling, and, at the finale, the "long mount," in which each elephant puts her forefeet on the back of the one in front. Balanchine suggested some new choreography, but the elephants were not amenable. They were not particularly amenable to wearing pink ballet skirts, either. During dress rehearsals at the Garden, several of them discovered that by expanding their bellies they could snap the leather straps holding the skirts. Led to lots of heartaches in the wardrobe department.

On our way out, we bumped into Merle Evans, the husky leader of the circus band. "What do *you* think of the Stravinsky music?" we asked. "I rather like it," he said guardedly. "Parts of it are rather nice." This dispassionate attitude broke down completely almost immediately, while Evans was explaining why the new Stravinsky music was sandwiched in between two such relatively corny ballet numbers as Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz" and Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours." "We've got to run those elephants in with music they know or they'd never get started," he told us. "And we've got to get them out when their turn is over, haven't we?" Evans then began a discourse on what he considered good elephant music—"something an elephant can get her teeth into." "A march, a one-step, a schottische, a fox trot, a waltz, a cakewalk would be good," he said, "but what's an elephant going to do with music that's all chopped up—three-four time for two measures, two-four for three measures, three-eight for five measures, and so on, until I'm nuts?" We gathered that Evans' musicians had taken Stravinsky's circus début in the same spirit as the elephants. The first band



"By the way, whatever became of that secret weapon I used to talk about?"

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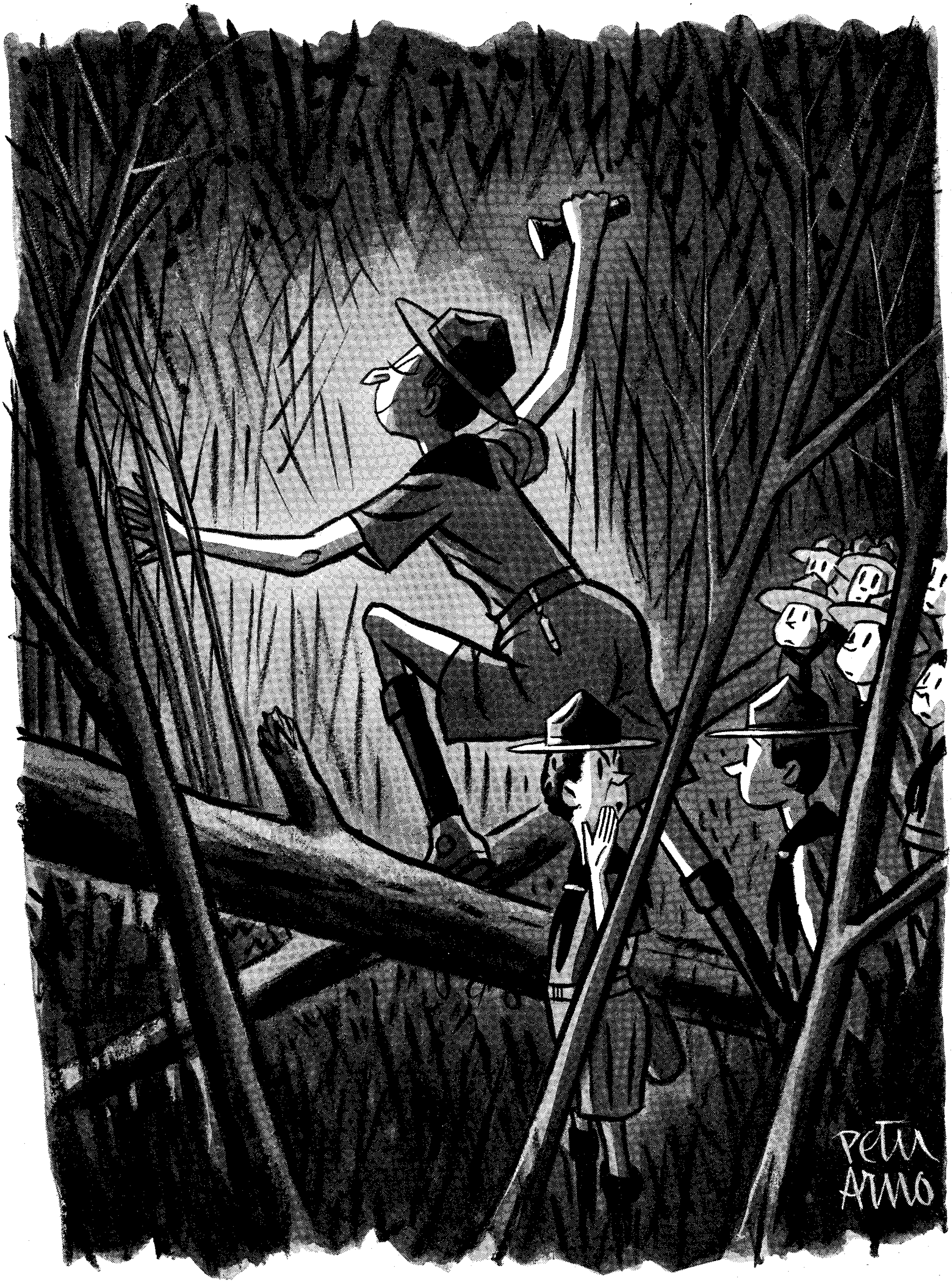
rehearsal of the music lasted nine hours, during which time the trombonist had to put his head under a faucet, the clarinetist burst into tears, and the piccolo player folded his arms and refused to play another note. "I know Stravinsky is a big musician," Evans told us, "but the cornet part is too high, the clarinet has more notes than he can blow, and I get cramps conducting those changes of pace." The boys have finally mastered the number, but they mutter "Here comes Igor" in a nasty way as the elephants' music cue approaches, and "There goes Igor" when it's finally over. "It is Harvard music," Evans said, summing it up. "It is *odd.*"

Casualty

THIS is a little story about a thing that happened in one of those quiet, quaint hotels in the vicinity of Washington Square, or at least that you feel must have happened down there. At any rate, whatever hotel it was, one of the permanent guests, an elderly spinster, had a nightmare: dreamed a big Jap bit her in the calf of her leg. It was such a realistic experience that she couldn't get to sleep again, and in the morning she decided to have her breakfast in bed and get some more rest. She told the room-service waiter about her dream, he told the dining-room waiters, and they told all the other ladies at their tables. (It's that sort of hotel.) The result was that there was a steady stream of visitors to the stricken one's room, all bearing little gifts of fruit or flowers, for all the world as if she *had* been bitten by a Jap.



"He's too damn calm and collected to suit me. I think we're lost."

BARTENDER HERE TAKES DISLIKE TO "DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS"

PADDY FERRARTY, the night bartender in this place on Third Avenue, lives in a furnished room. It's run by a landlady by the name Miss Myers. Paddy's single. He sleeps daytimes and reads Westerns. Everybody in furnished rooms reads Westerns and in furnished-room places there's always a pile of Westerns in the basement if your own runs out; that is, you've got it all read through.

That doesn't have much to do with what Paddy did a little while ago, except that he really likes the Old West from reading so much Westerns, even if he has never been out of New York since he landed from Ireland.

"I DON'T know why a furnished room gets lonesome at five o'clock nearly on the dot every day," Paddy was saying the other night, when hardly anybody was in the gin mill. "I don't like work—it's the curse of the world—but damn if I don't almost want to get to work out of the furnished room about five o'clock.

"Every day when it happens that way I begin going to work and I hope every day the joint will be livelier than home, where I'm sick of. But the same time I hope it won't get too lively with people hollering or maybe some guy reciting. Reciters are one of the terrors of tending bar. So are people striking up friendships with strangers at the bar that always ends in fights. And now they got juke boxes.

"Juke boxes are the curse of the world. They got me nuts and they got every other bartender nuts, especially a bartender that works nights.

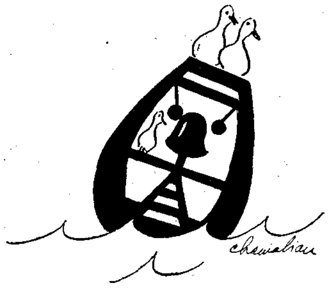
"They first began to get me cuckoo when they had on ours 'El Rancho Reeyo Grandy.' It had a part where drunks hollered, just the same as this 'Heart of Texas' got a place drunks got to clap.

"I just thought I'd go nuts with the Reeyo Grandy one but I was sure of it with this 'The prairie sky is wide and high,' and then the goddam four claps.

"Or is it three claps? One of the things that drives you crazy is that. Some gives three claps and some gives four and they're all clapping together at the bar. Only they're not clapping together. How can they, some giving three claps and some giving four?

"One guy I see put in eighteen nickels after the other, all for the 'Heart of Texas.' He got a beer, give me a dollar, and wanted all-nickels change, which I gave him, and one by one in they went till I nearly jump over the bar.

"The hell of it is there's good tunes on there, too, and I wouldn't want it said I'm a guy hates music's guts. They got one on there a meddalee of Stross waltzes. It's Number 15. I use to be one of the best waltzers there was, only my feet are all stove down now from floors behind bars that got no give to them, like walking on cement. They're killing me right now, my feet, on top of getting mad about the 'Heart of Texas.' Thank God I got rid of that record.



"THE way I got rid of it—well, I had to get tough. First I was going to ask the boss would he for God's sake jimmy that record out of there, but the boss is the boss, good enough in his way but stubborn about the customers wants this and the customers wants that. A man can't devote his life to the customers, but what sense telling that to the boss? Anyway, I figure the fox is his own best messenger, they used to say back home in Maynooth, and the next afternoon I came in myself to the gin mill about two o'clock.

"That was a Tuesday, the day the guy comes around to empty the juke box and once in a while he puts in new records.

" 'Get the "Heart of Texas" the hell out of there,' I said to him when he got the front of the machine down. The boss wasn't there, lucky enough. 'You ain't running the joint and it takes in a lot of nickels,' the juke-box guy said. 'All right, it takes in a lot of nickels and it's driving me nuts,' I told him. 'Out comes the "Heart of Texas" or I'll cut the wire. I'll sabotize the whole goddam thing, job or no job.' 'I'm telling you it takes in a lot of nickels and he got to have the nickels to pay for the ice machine,' the guy said.

"I forgot to tell about how they get you hemmed in if you run a gin mill. They sell you an ice machine for the bar—costs about twenty-three hundred dollars, imagine that—and you pay for it by dropping five quarters in a slot every day at the end of the bar. Like an old gas meter. So the money out of the juke box goes into quarters to put into the ice-machine slot. The way I figure it that leaves everybody where he was, only with two machines he didn't want in the first place.

" 'Get the "Heart of Texas" the hell out of there,' I told him, 'or, bejeezus, I'll screw up the icebox too.' Well, there was some more words. No fist fight, nothing.

"SUM and substance is he took it out and put in a good one. Number 17. 'Hin*doo*stan.' It's got a part at the end where a bass fiddle got a nice lilt to it. And jeez, do I get many a good peace of mind when some dame will be standing at the bar and yell to a guy, 'Hey, Eddie, put on "Heart of Texas." ' I don't say anything. I just think how she'll play hell getting the 'Heart of Texas' in here." —JOHN MCNULTY

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A PACK OF CARDS FOR THE CONVALESCENT

Bright black and red
Of the four cut shapes,
Of the curlicue king
And the jackanapes,

Of the mistress queen,
Of the marching spots,
Skip to his bed,
For the evening rots

And light falls dull
On the counterpane.
Turn up the lamp there,
Over his brain;

Toss him the numbers,
Feather his eye
With ace and bower
And the blood deuce high;

Please him with danger
Dealt in a trey.
So goes a long night.
So comes day.

—MARK VAN DOREN

A GOOD MAN

IT was about five years ago, just after my great-uncle, Mahlon Taylor, left Columbus, Ohio, to live in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, that I came across a faded obituary of my great-grandfather, Jacob Fisher, preserved in an old family scrapbook. Jacob, I learned, was born in 1808, one of the eleven children of Michael Fisher, who had built his cabin on the east shore of the Scioto River, south of Columbus, in 1799, the year George Washington died. Jacob Fisher's death notice, headed simply "Memorial," recorded that he was survived by three sisters and a brother, six of his thirteen children, thirty-two grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren. The rest of the story, except for a single arresting sentence, praised the deceased's homely virtues—a persistent devotion to the Lord, kindliness to his neighbors, and generosity to those in want. The sentence that caught my eye and interest, set austerely apart in a paragraph by itself, read, "In his prime Jacob Fisher was the strongest man for many miles below the city." That was all; no instances were given of my great-grandfather's physical prowess. In the severe and solemn memorials of 1885 in Ohio there was no place for vain glorification of the pitiful and transitory clay. I wondered, when I read the obituary, what lay behind that cautious tribute to the earthly power of old Jake Fisher's flesh. It wasn't until I went to Columbus a month ago and met Mahlon Taylor, there on a visit too, that I found out.

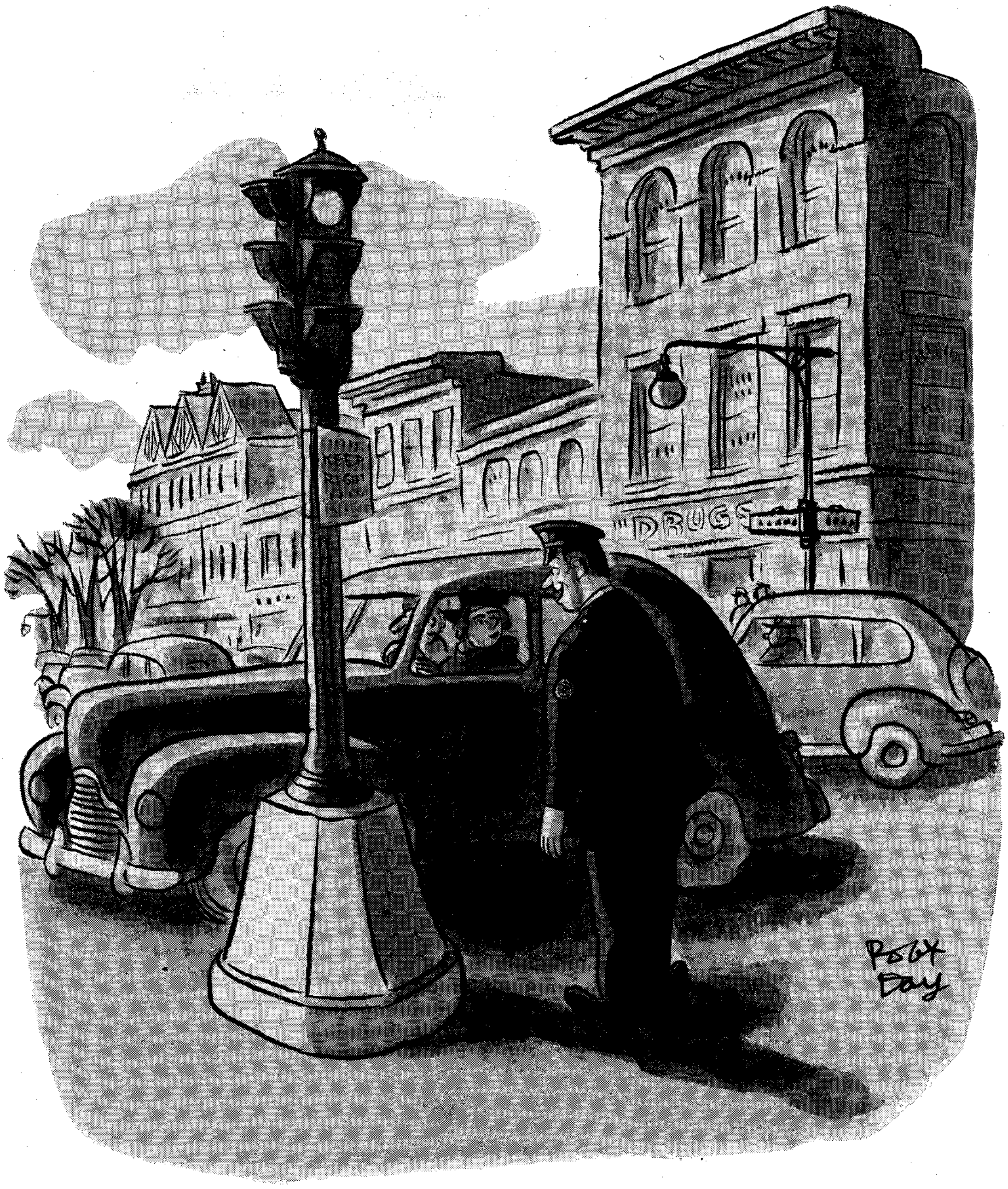
A far lesser breed of men has succeeded the old gentleman on the American earth, and I tremble to think what he would have said of a great-grandson who turned out to be a writer. Perhaps I can make up for it a little by giving the substance of the story that should have followed that topic sentence left hanging mute and lonely in old Jake's obituary. He would have wanted it there in place of the list of his virtues.

MAHLON TAYLOR, a great-uncle of mine on my mother's side, is eighty-five years old, but he looks the same as he did twenty years ago. He stands straight, walks spryly, and his mind and memory are as keen as his eyes, with which, without glasses, he can still see to shoot a rabbit or read a book. He has a thick head of white hair, on which people invariably compliment him. His secret is easy and inexpensive: for thirty years he has shampooed his head once a week with Old Dutch Cleanser. "I don't know what old Jake used," said Mahlon, "but his hair stayed full and black up to his death. Beard turned gray, but his hair didn't. He died with all his own teeth in his head, too—all except one. That'd been knocked out with a brick in a fight."

Jake Fisher fought a thousand fights in his time. In those days, if you went west of the Alleghenies, there was only one way of settling an argument or a difference of opinion. Farther west they wrassled and gouged out eyes with their thumbnails, but in the Northwest Territory they fought standing up, with their fists. Some men would pick up a club or a rock or even a broadaxe and a few grabbed for their guns, but mostly they slugged it out toe to toe.

"Jake never lost a fight," Mahlon said. "He fought men who were hard on their womenfolks or were cruel to dumb animals, but mostly he fought to back up his political beliefs or to defend the divine inspiration of Scripture. 'There is too goddam much blasphemin' goes on,' he used to say. He was a good man."

Jacob Fisher, born in a log cabin when Jefferson was President, was twenty-one when Andrew Jackson took office. "Your great-grandpa's prime that the fella speaks of," said Uncle Mahlon, "began about then and lasted up to Cleveland's first term. He couldn't go through another Democratic administration, and so he died." Jake's political bias, it seems, was partly determined by an incident of the War of 1812. General Jackson had ordered the execution of a young soldier who had deserted to visit his dying mother. Jake heard about it from his father and he never got it out of his mind. He licked every Jackson man he met, once going up onto the platform of a meeting house to knock down a visiting speaker from the East who praised Old Hickory. Afterward he stopped his buggy beside the man, who was walking along the road, holding his jaw. "Git in the bug-



"Which one did you want, Ma'am? There's Douglas MacArthur Street, General MacArthur Boulevard, and MacArthur Terrace."

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gy and I'll take you to the hotel," said Jake. The man refused. "Git in the buggy!" roared Jake. The man got in. A fist fight settled an issue once and for all and subsequent hard feelings were not to be tolerated. If Jake broke a man's ribs or fractured his jaw, he took the man home. Often he sat up all night at the bedside of a vanquished foe, applying arnica or changing bandages. He could assist at the birth of a child and he had a comforting voice in a house of death. "About all the graves in the old Walnut Hill Cemetery were dug single-handed by Jake," said Uncle Mahlon. "He never allowed nobody to help him."

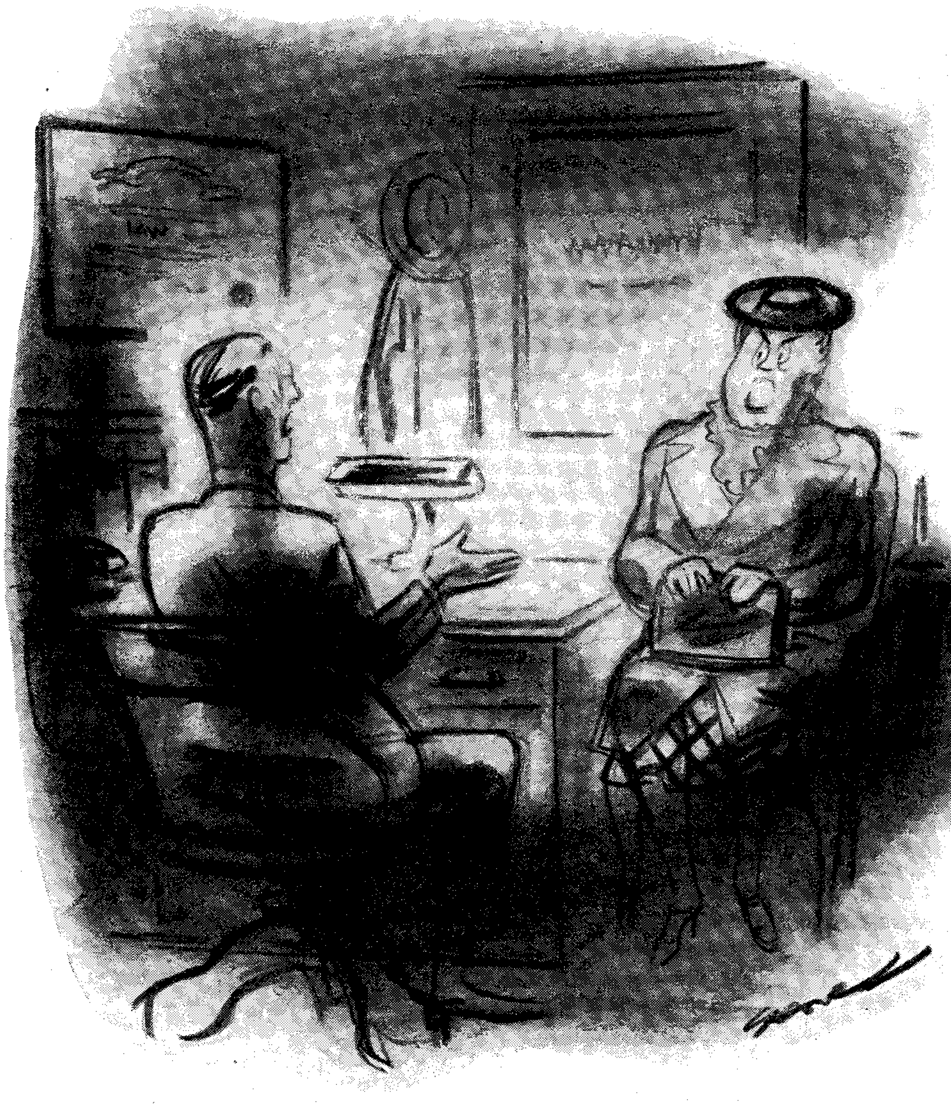
Jacob Fisher built one of the first stone houses south of Columbus, and people used to go out from the town to watch him pick up a three-hundred-pound granite sill and set it in place. "He was only a hair over five foot ten," said Uncle Mahlon, "but he weighed a hundred and ninety-eight pounds, most of it bone and muscle. You couldn't lay your finger between his hipbone and his ribs, he was that close-built. He walked so straight he never run his shoes over, heel or sole—they wore out even." Around the house that Jake built grew up a farm of ten thousand acres. Through a part of his vast fields drifted the barges of the Ohio Canal on their way to and from Athens, and across one end of his property the Chillicothe tollpike was cut. Jake owned a great gravel pit and he allowed the road contractor to use all the gravel he needed, with the understanding that Jake would never have to pay toll. When the pike was finished and the tollgate put up, the agreement was forgotten. The pole would be kept in place across the road when Jake drove along in his buggy. "He'd git out and beat up the tollgate keeper," Uncle Mahlon told me, "and then raise the gate and drive on. They kept puttin' bigger and stronger men on the gate. Jake licked eight of 'em all told, and finally his patience gave out and he threatened to go over their heads to their bosses and lick *them*, and after that they didn't molest him. The gatekeeper would h'ist the gate when Jake's rig was still a quarter-mile away."

THE canal wove itself into my great-grandfather's saga, too. If you stood on his back porch, you could see the slow boats passing through the land, half a mile away. Once in a while, when a barge came along, Jake would cup his hands around his mouth and bellow, "Git me some whiskey!" On the return trip five barrels would be tossed off onto Jake's land. He didn't drink or smoke or chew, but his hired hands did. When he was not yet forty, Jake had half a hundred Negroes working for him. Each man had a jug and a tin cup and the barrels were set in a lean-to and you could get whiskey whenever you wanted it. If a man got mean drunk or lazy drunk, Jake would whip him sober with a hickory withe. The men learned to drink moderately, out of fear of the big man's lash, and also out of a real devotion to him. "Your great-grandpa," said Uncle Mahlon, "was the first man in Franklin County to sit down at table with a Negro. This caused a stew and a fret in the Presbyterian church, but Jake just said, 'If a man's good enough to work for me, he's good enough to eat with me,' and that settled that."

One day there was hell and a battle

royal along the canal. Jake wandered down to the waterway and witnessed a dismaying spectacle. The bargemen were "whippin' up ducks." Each of the men held in his hand a long-lashed bullwhip. Their sport consisted of casting the whip at ducks floating in the canal in such a way that the end of the lash wrapped itself several times about a duck's neck. Then they would jerk the bird up onto the barge. The bargemen were expert at this curious pastime. They caught a great many ducks. The ducks were Jake's. He ran down to the towpath, grabbed the towrope away from the drowsy boy on the mule, and hauled the boat into shore. Then he leaped on board and began to throw men into the water and onto the land. "He could throw a six-foot grown man as far as twenty-five feet when he was in a rage," said Uncle Mahlon. "A lot of heads cracked and bones broke that day, but nobody was killed. Your great-grandpa never tried to kill anybody—except one Indian. He was a good man."

I asked about the Indian. There were a great many Indians in central Ohio in the first thirty years of Jake Fisher's prime, descendants, perhaps, of the braves who fought at the Battle of Fallen Timbers. They plagued Jake because, although they couldn't outwrassle or outhoist him, they could outrun him. "If I could catch 'em," he used to say wistfully, "I could hold 'em." He never gave up trying. "Once, over by the old deer lick west of the river," Uncle Mahlon told me, "he challenged an Indian to a foot race—see which one could reach an old elm tree first. The Indian won by a couple of strides. Your great-grandpa ran back and got his gun where he had left it and shot the Indian. He wasn't killed, but he was hurt bad. Jake carried him to his own home and nursed him back to life. Old Fisher didn't get more than two, three hours' sleep a night for weeks, sittin' up with that Indian. The fella thought he was going to die, so he confessed to his sins and crimes, which included most of the thievin' and skulduggery that'd gone on in the county for the past five years. Your great-grandpa never gave him away to the authorities. Jake always said the Lord God Almighty disturbed his aim the day he shot that Indian."

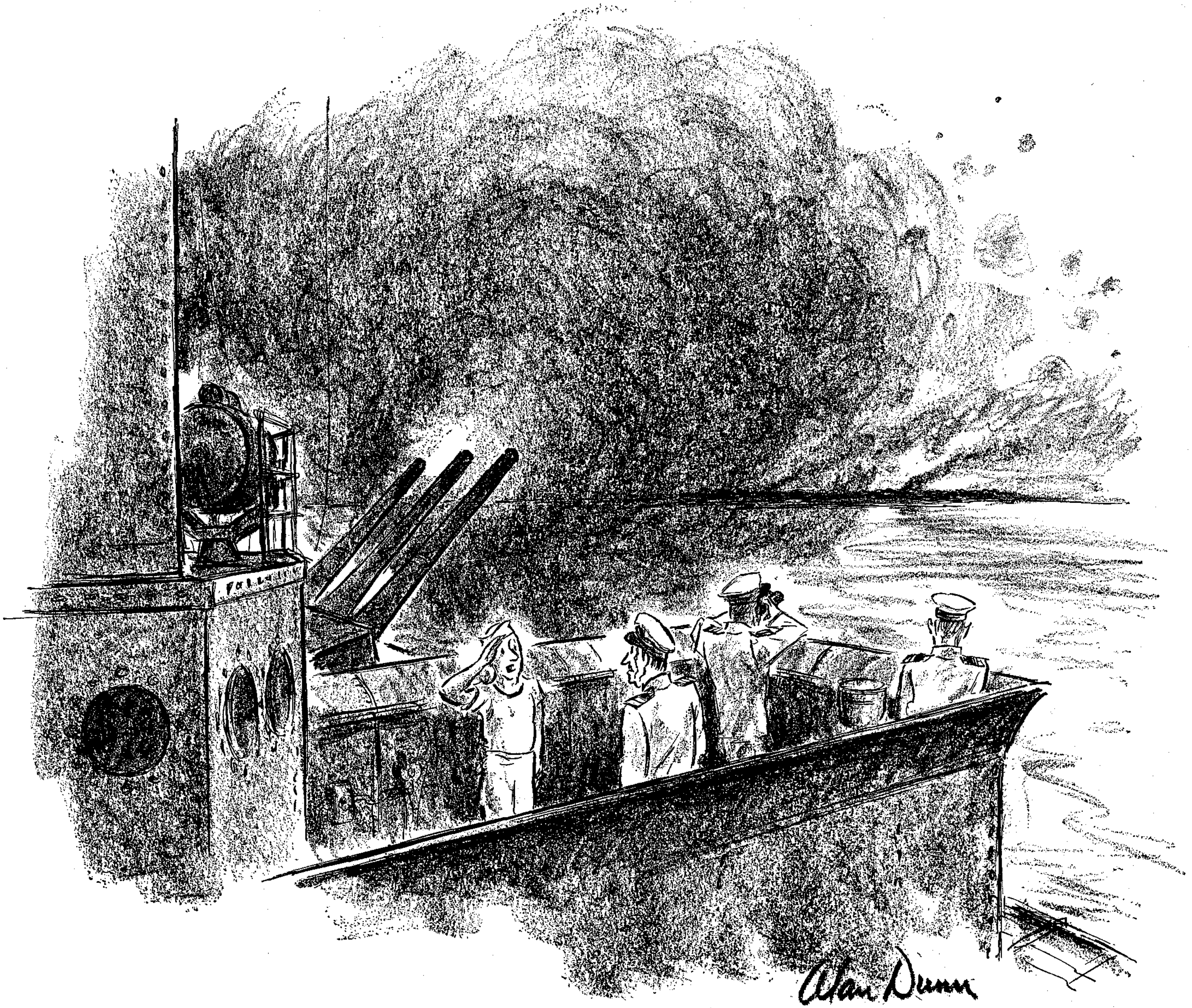


"But, Mrs. Proctor, I'm afraid we can't institute divorce proceedings on the simple charge of insubordination."

Shortly after that, Jake became captain of a horse militia company, whose main duty was to keep order at public hangings. Captain Fisher, in his official capacity, wore a sabre, but he never picked up a gun again, even to face an armed man. There was the November evening when Stambaugh showed up on the road outside the Fisher house. He was a quick-moving, broad-shouldered neighbor and there was bad blood between him and Milt Fisher, one of Jake's sons. It was suppertime and Jake had just finished saying grace. One of his darkies came running into the dining room. "Stambaugh's come to git Mr. Milt!" he said. "He got a shotgun in one hand and a broadaxe in t'other!" Jake told Milt and his other sons to sit still. He took his napkin out of his collar and went out the door, empty-handed. "Jake took Stambaugh's gun away from him and broke it in two," said Uncle Mahlon. "Then he snapped the axe handle and throwed the pieces away. He broke that gun and axe in his hands, like you'd break a stick."

WHEN Fort Sumter was fired on, Jake Fisher, still hard as a boulder, had just turned fifty-three. They wouldn't take him in the Army, so he stayed at home and fought Copperheads and mealymouthed patriots with his fists. "On a market day Jake would lick as many as six, eight men," Uncle Mahlon said. "Mostly men who questioned Lincoln's policies or turned scared after a Rebel victory. Once a fella that was ridin' on a horse yelled something that angered your great-grandpa and Jake ordered him down off his horse. The fella was just takin' off his coat to square away when Jake walked over to the horse. 'We gotta have more room,' he said. 'I don't want you to hit this horse when I throw you.' Thereupon he picked the animal up in his arms and moved it eight or ten feet away. He was used to doing that in his own blacksmith shop—it was easier to move 'em that way than to lead 'em sometimes. Well, when the fella saw that he took to his heels and ran faster than an Indian."

On another occasion during the war years a friend of Jake's told him that



"Paramount News sends its respects, sir, and could we move a little closer to the atoll?"

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five men, probably Copperheads, were conspiring to beat Jake up. They were in the back room of Frick's saloon, laying plans for a mass assault. Jake jumped on a horse and rode over to the place. "He didn't knock them fellas down," said Uncle Mahlon. "He throwed 'em. Jake only fought with his fists over political or religious questions. He throwed fellas that whipped up ducks or were just plain ornery." It was also during the Civil War, when Morgan's raiders had crossed over into Ohio, that a train of boxcars on its way to Cincinnati stopped in the yards in Columbus. Jake found out that they were crowded with men, Home Guards, on their way to protect the Ohio-Kentucky border. "The goddam Copperheads has cooped them boys up in there without no air!" said Jake. He tore a rail loose from a siding and, swinging it like a tennis racquet, beat holes in the sides of each car. The authorities always looked the other way when Jake started out on one of his rampages. "Nobody wanted to arrest a man as good as Jake," Uncle Mahlon said.

In his seventies, Jake Fisher could still lift two hundred pounds' dead weight from the ground and hold it at arm's length above his head. Three years before he died he performed his last exploit in public. The drunken driver of a team of horses on High Street tumbled over onto the doubletree and the horses took off. Jake outran the other men who saw it happen and pulled the team to a stop. "I can still catch 'em," he said proudly, "and if I can catch 'em, I can hold 'em." In his last days he had little respect for the soft race of men he saw growing up around him. When he was taken to see a newborn great-grandchild, a puny boy weighing seven pounds, Jake snorted. "Goddam it," he said, "the next generation of Fishers is goin' to be squirrels."

IN his seventy-seventh year, Jake took to his bed for the last time. As he lay dying, the preacher called on him. "Don't you want to forgive your enemies?" he asked. Jake smiled. "I ain't got none," he said. "I licked 'em all."

—JAMES THURBER

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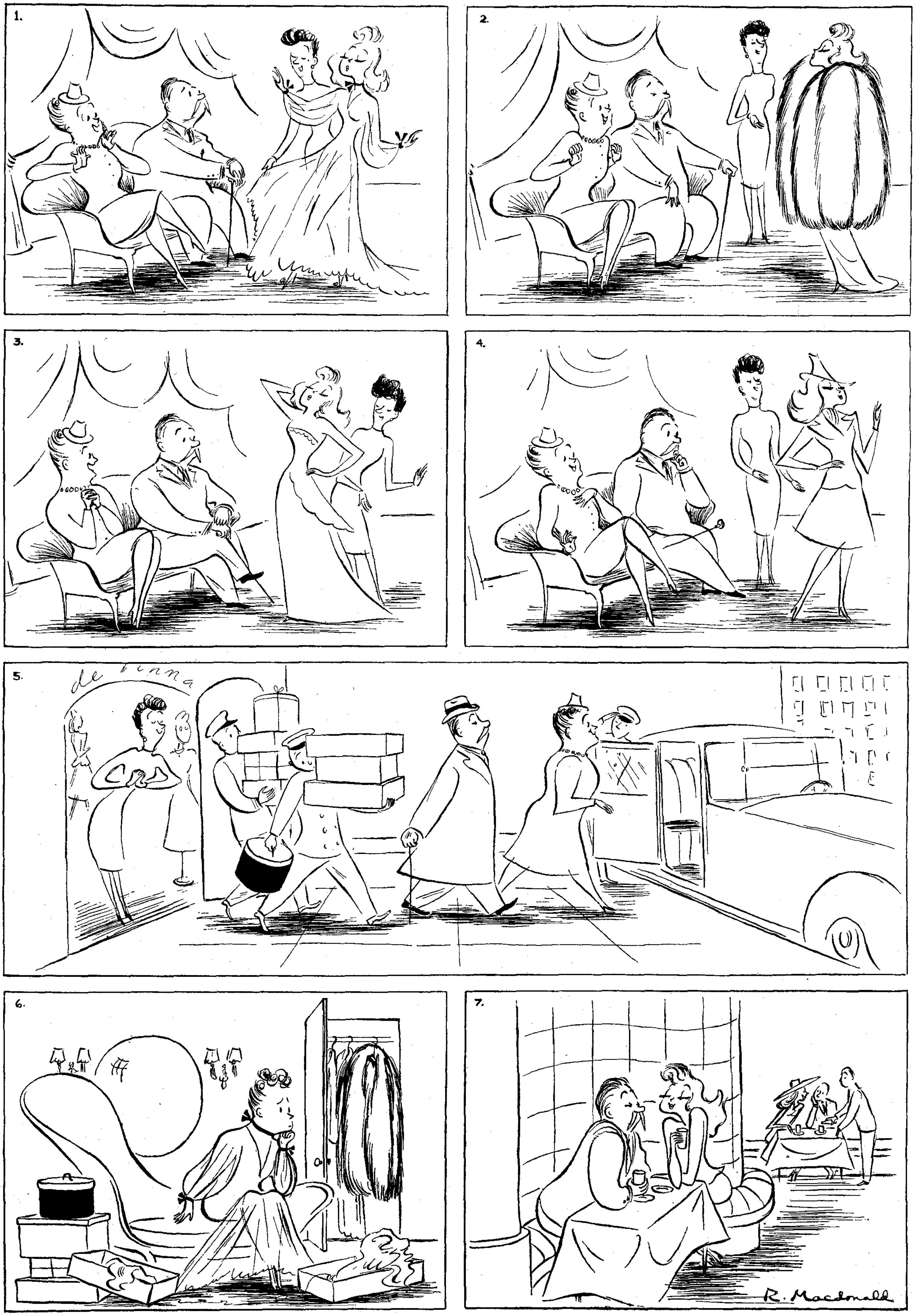
The commencement program will be similar to that of other colleges in the vicinity as a part of the speed-up program. Despite this advance, traditions will be maintained, but they will be included in two days instead of three. As usual the festivities will conclude.—*Amherst Record.*

So they will. Heigh-ho!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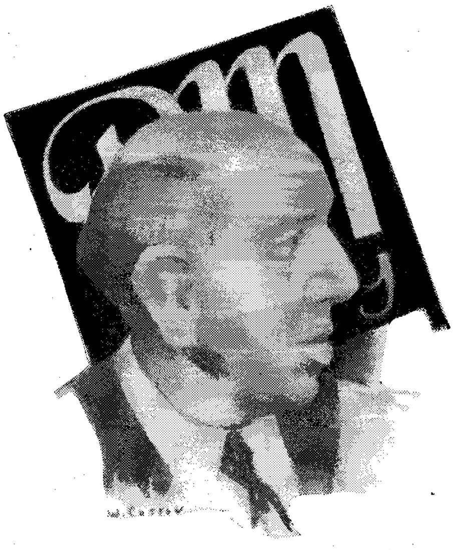
PROFILES

A VERY ACTIVE TYPE MAN—I



Ralph Ingersoll

A FAIR Biblical precedent for Ralph Ingersoll might be found in the career of Saul of Tarsus, who, somewhere on the wild road to Damascus, was accosted by the Spirit and straightway became St. Paul the Apostle. Ingersoll was Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, a grandnephew of Ward McAllister, and he became plain Ralph Ingersoll, a devoted follower of Franklin D. Roosevelt; he was an ornament of the capitalist press, and he became the editor of Marshall Field's *PM*, a journal of salvation; he was a Yale man and a hypochondriac, and he was made whole. His conversion in its final stages took place in the offices of Time, Inc., where such miracles are neither frequent nor particularly encouraged by the management.

The change, perhaps, was not as drastic as the one reported in Holy Writ, since the new Ingersoll has not entirely put away worldly things. The *Social Register* still lists him as a member of the Union and Racquet Clubs, and his private life, which involves a small swimming pool and a terraced apartment, hardly fulfills the New Testament ideal. Nevertheless, in the light of his origins, he is at least mildly baffling to his unregenerate friends. It is even possible that he sometimes baffles himself. When the Ingersoll of today discusses the Ingersoll of the Coolidge and Harding administrations, it is almost as if he were talking about somebody else. "In those days I had a reputation for being rather enthusiastic and naïve," he is apt to say wonderingly, referring to his dead youth in the dead past.

Like St. Paul, Ingersoll not only sacrificed the regard of the fashionable world when he renounced it to take up prophecy but he also failed to appeal at once to the lowly. As a matter of fact, there was a considerable period during which he was energetically stoned by both sides. His old associates, the men of property, naturally had a tendency to think of him as a renegade—if not actually a member of the Communist Party, then at least a fellow-traveller. The conservative daily press was either hostile or derisive and did its best to bar his Red rag from the newsstands. The magazines of bourgeois opinion were full of dark speculation. "The liberal sprinkling of Party members on the staff is difficult to explain," said the *Nation* cautiously, but Eugene Lyons, in the *American Mercury*, sounded *his* warning loud and clear. *PM* is "loaded with Stalin's past and present buddies," he wrote. "In its tabloid format the sheet has only four columns. Is there a fifth?" Others hinted that the policies of *PM* were dictated by its editor's psychoanalyst, who, they said, had also chanced to be employed in the same capacity by Mr. Field. Benjamin Stolberg, an agitated journalist, once informed an upper-class dinner party that Ingersoll was actually on the Moscow payroll.

All this, of course, was more or less to be expected. Some of his other early detractors, however, must have come as something of a surprise. The American Communist Party, friendly at first, cooled rapidly when *PM* began to attack the Soviet-Nazi non-aggression pact and to campaign for all-out aid to Great Britain. Soon it was calling Ingersoll a political adolescent and, taking a tip from the distracted Stolberg, distributing handbills which charged him with being subsidized by a man across the sea, although its candidate was Churchill rather than Stalin. The C.I.O. adopted a rather similar line and one of its affiliates, the Newspaper Guild, objected to a labor policy which Ingersoll considered notably liberal and enlightened. There was even a certain amount of skulduggery on *PM*'s own staff, which embraced many shades of political opinion, all vehement. At one time, the Comrades and their sympathizers are said to have conspired to hand the paper over to the Kremlin, and while this putsch was either suppressed or imaginary, it left some bitterness behind. An early brickbat from *PM* to General Franco inflamed the Coughlinites, while its vigorous pro-British and anti-German policy stirred up the Bund to such an extent that it threatened Ingersoll with personal violence and did, in fact, make one partially successful attempt to dismantle a *PM* photographer called Platnick. In addition to all this, a United States Army roster of publications unsuitable for the tender military mind once listed *PM*, along with the *New Masses* and the *Daily Worker*, in the dangerous group, below the *New Republic* and *Social Justice*, which were just considered silly.

This widespread unpopularity, while disconcerting to a man who thought of himself as a friend of labor and a patriot, was probably not as hard to bear as the indifference or ingratitude displayed by *PM*'s chosen public. In his first prospectus, Ingersoll announced that he would address the "most intelligent million of the three million who now read the *Daily News* and the *Daily Mirror*." He proposed to do it without appealing unduly to anybody's baser nature. There was no provision for a gossip column, and the aberrations of café and Hollywood society, if not ignored altogether, were to be treated with no rude smacking of the lips. Stockbrokers and sporting types would have to look elsewhere for their childish amusements, since *PM* had no intention of humoring them with market reports or late racing results. Such stimulating features as Advice to the Lovelorn, Embarrassing Moments, and Bright Sayings of Children were to be omitted and comic strips would not be stressed. Finally, *PM* was to take no advertisements, thus depriving the housewife of a whole world of dreams. The essence of Ingersoll's editorial policy, again according to the prospectus, was simple: "*PM* is in business to tell as much of the truth as it can find out—because it believes journalism's function in a democracy is to seek truth in contemporary life and to print it without fear or favor."

It was a high-minded project but overoptimistic. Either because five cents seemed like too much to pay for the truth or else merely because of something incorrigibly frivolous in human nature, a persistent notion that perhaps journalism's real function in a democracy is to find out what Tommy Manville is up to, the intelligent million who were supposed to drop everything and read *PM* kept right on with the *News* and *Mirror*. As a result of some spectacular promotion, the paper started with a circulation of nearly two hundred and eighty thousand, but within three months this had dropped to forty-five thousand. Since then it has risen slowly to a point where its editor triumphantly claims a hundred and fifty thousand readers. Even Ingersoll, however, concedes that at least two hundred thousand are needed before *PM* can pay its own way, and the present figure is generally believed to represent an operating loss to Mr. Field of more than half a million dollars a year. Since, however, four-fifths of this is presumably absorbed in Mr. Field's income tax, the cost of running *PM* is hardly a matter to cause him any particular concern.

ANOTHER man might have been discouraged by this combination of abuse and neglect, even though he got it free, but Ingersoll has obviously been having the time of his life. His decision to leave the *Time* organization in April, 1939, was at least partly dictated by a prejudice against obscurity. Nearly forty, he found himself "an editor making $45,000 a year but practically unknown." A little more than a year later, in charge of his own paper, Ingersoll had become one of the least anonymous editors in the world. He wrote almost nothing that didn't carry either his name or his initials—sometimes his pieces were even signed at both ends—and his employees obligingly mentioned him from time to time in their own copy. There were also pictures—Ingersoll aboard a sneering dromedary in the Sahara, Ingersoll stripped to his underdrawers in a Soviet railway station, the mighty Kremlin itself with an arrow showing the very gate through which Ralph Ingersoll went in.

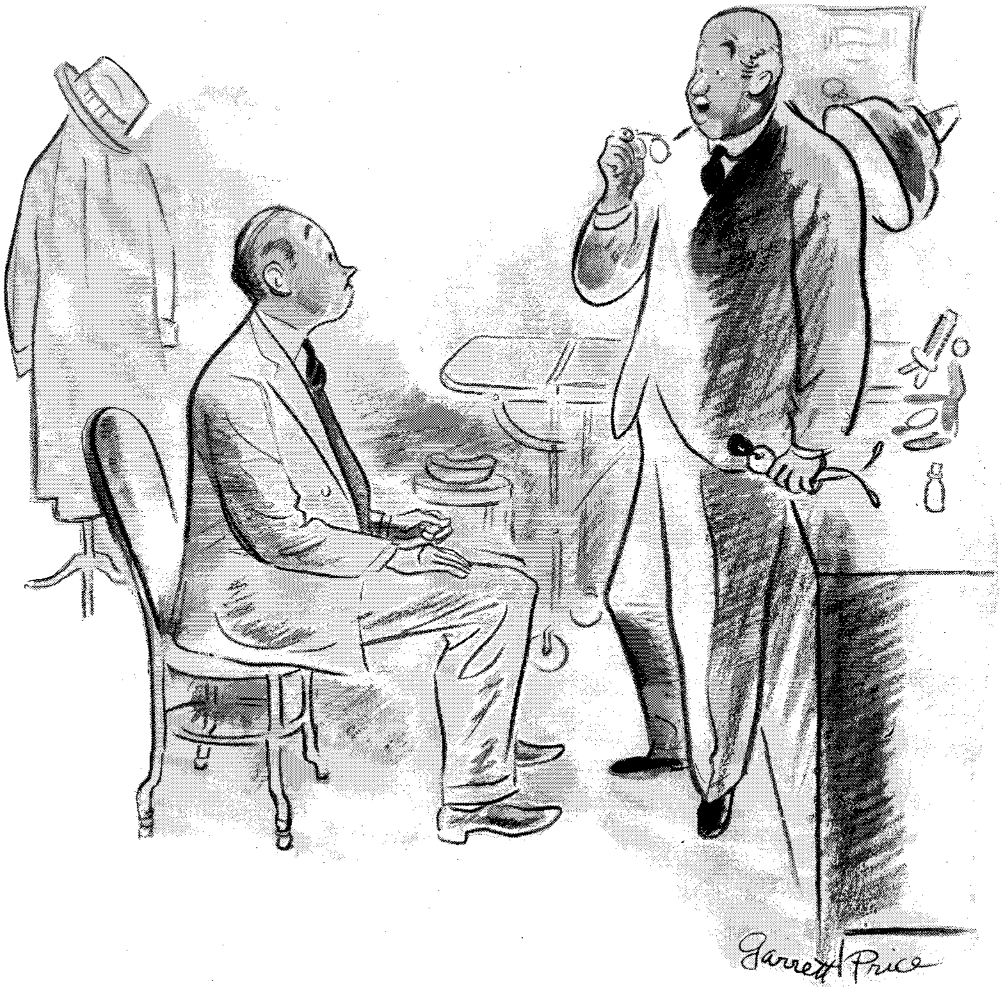
"You don't think we're overdoing this?" he once asked an associate.

"Well, no," said the man.

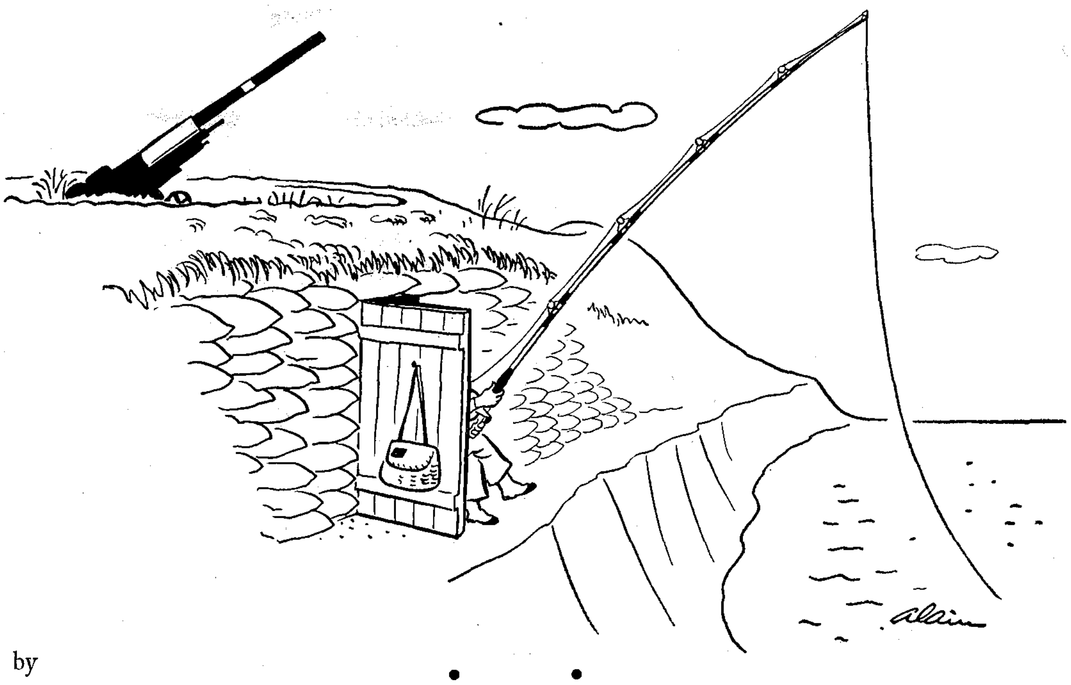
Also, to employ that most celebrated of newspaper clichés, he got to meet a lot of interesting people. In the course of two excursions abroad he was granted private audiences with Chiang Kai-shek, Stalin, Churchill, and many others only slightly less exalted. In Hawaii, five months before the Pearl Harbor disaster, Lieutenant General Walter C. Short, a prophet now somewhat in eclipse, told him that war with Japan was imminent, and in Singapore the Admiral of the China Fleet added that the attack would undoubtedly come on December 15th; in London he found the British authorities helpful ("I felt that I was getting the same coöperation as a Notre Dame quarterback"); in Turkey he reported that he was "a dizzy lion" with the diplomatic corps; he flew from Egypt to the Rock in a British general's plane. A framed letter in his office greeted him cordially as "Dear Ralph" and bore the initials of the President of the United States.

All this was gratifying, but even more so was the wonderful bustle which presently began to surround his activities. While Ingersoll has lost much of his enthusiasm for the money-changers, he has never really ceased to admire their technique, especially when it comes to saving time. "When I started *PM*, I figured I had about five years of maximum energy left," he remarked the other day with his habitual outside-Ingersoll detachment, and he is determined not to waste a minute. Before he was firmly grounded by *PM*'s stockholders, he used to fly his own blue Fairchild monoplane, roaring down out of the sky at a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour with his briefcase under his arm; after that, until conserving rubber got to be his patriotic duty, he drove a Lincoln Zephyr as though pursued by all the yelping imps in hell (his chauffeur, once a dirt-track racer himself, said that nothing in the old days could quite compare with rounding a corner with Ingersoll, "a very active type man," presiding at the wheel).

He handles his appointments like a Morgan partner or a dentist, so that a three-o'clock man coming out of his office is neatly calculated to meet the three-thirty man going in. Staff conferences last exactly forty-five minutes and then disband, if necessary in the middle of a sentence, thus saving untold sums in the course of a year. Even the dull intervals of transportation from his Lakeville, Connecticut, house or his New York apartment to the office in Brooklyn are not lost. "I've got so I can work, eat, and sleep in the back seat of my car," he says happily. "I also have very fine business conferences there, because people have to stop talking at the end of the trip." In his private correspondence he is hostile to pronouns. "O.K. Can do. When want to see?" he wrote recently to a man who had asked for an interview. He dictates almost everything and at prodigious speed. When he was getting his current book on Russia ready for the printers, he used three



"No-o-o, you needn't give up softball altogether. I'd just shift from shortstop to the outfield."



stenographers working in relays and for a while averaged eight thousand words a day, which were then whisked magically away by a special courier. His social life these days is substantially limited to an occasional quick drink at the Stork Club at two or three in the morning and his exercise to glum calisthenics for reducing purposes. He sleeps about seven hours a night, resentfully. It is a full life, though peculiar and not, of course, for everybody.

The greatest thing about his present position, however, is that for the first time he is able to say exactly what he wants. Previously, on the New York *American* and on various magazines, including this one, he was restrained by the editorial prejudices of other men, who were usually, in his private opinion, either cynical or frivolous or uninformed, or all three. For nearly seventeen years his talent was politely suppressed—there was an exasperating theory that he was more valuable as an executive than as a writer—and at the end of them he was dangerously swollen with words. Then the great day came and they were miraculously set free. Publishing theories, economic and social gospels, old indignations and enthusiasms, millions of flashing and turbulent words poured out of him in the most impressive deluge since the Johnstown Flood. The fact that some of them were contradictory and others misunderstood, even the realization that they were being read by considerably fewer people than he had anticipated, depressed him only mildly. He had waited a long time, but at last he had a journalistic identity of his own and he was molding public opinion. Ingersoll regards his career up to now with modest satisfaction, and he is probably justified. Few men of our time have risen to fame as crusaders in the face of such an aggressively respectable background.

THE tot who was to edit *PM* was born in New Haven on December 8, 1900. His father, Colin McCrae Ingersoll, was Chief Engineer of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and behind them both stretched a long line of Connecticut statesmen, including a governor and a Minister to Czarist Russia. Robert Ingersoll, who may or may not have embraced Christianity on his deathbed, also belonged to the family, but he was an Illinois offshoot and apparently his outrageous ideas were not held against the orthodox Episcopalians of the local branch. The editor's mother, of course, was a niece of Ward McAllister, a fact no longer as fascinating to her offspring as it once was. In 1906, his father was appointed chief engineer of the Department of Bridges of the City of New York, and the family moved to a brownstone house at 44 East Seventieth Street. Ingersoll's memories of his childhood are unusual in only a few particulars. Because his father had supervised the designing of the Queensboro Bridge, he was the first boy over it, crossing high in the air on a catwalk, but he diminished this magnificent accomplishment by being sick at his stomach. He caught the SOS from the Titanic on a homemade crystal set, but subsequently lost the set when a vagrant current escaping from it almost electrocuted his father. Once, a butler hired from an employment agency for his sister's coming-out party got drunk and announced firmly that he was just as good as anybody else, giving Ingersoll perhaps his first inkling of the class struggle.

On the whole, however, his early days were quiet. He went to the Kirkmayer School, on East Sixtieth Street, and drilled with the Knickerbocker Greys. Most of his free time was spent on roller skates, in vacant lots, or on roofs, from which he thoughtfully dropped water bombs on the passers-by. When he was twelve, he was given a typewriter and composed one rather prophetic story. It was about a German invasion of New York, and Ingersoll saved the city. He decoyed the Huns into the Park Avenue railroad tunnel and blew them up.

When the United States entered the first World War, Ingersoll, then in school at Hotchkiss, dreamed of running away and enlisting, and did indeed get as far as a bar on Forty-second Street. He was intercepted by his parents when he went home to pack, however, and the fall of 1918 found him in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. Here he became a cadet in the Students' Army Training Corps, but his record was not particularly distinguished. Because of his training with the Knickerbocker Greys, he started out as a sergeant, but within two weeks he had been broken twice. He was demoted to a corporal when he got his commands mixed up and a company of implacable humorists he was drilling climbed the Yale fence and wound up facing a blank wall; he was reduced to the ranks when a man in his squad fainted and the commanding officer, for inscrutable military reasons, decided that Ingersoll had put him up to it. He was a private thereafter until he was graduated, when he got his commission as a second lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps. Military experts, however, are not necessarily made on parade grounds, and today Ingersoll is one of the foremost strategists in the business. In *PM*, he has outlined plans for crushing Hitler in the Mediterranean, beating Japan in six weeks (subsequently revised), and only last summer, flying over Pearl Harbor, he was able to note in his diary that it looked very vulnerable to him. "It is such a compact target for bombers," he wrote, and added with a kind of sombre pride, "I worry about so many things."

His non-military activities at Yale were modest, too. He won a medal for wrestling in the novice heavyweight class, but otherwise, though large and willing, he was not athletic. Nor was he particularly social. He belonged to no fraternities and devoted his leisure to a small club he founded himself, called 360 Temple Street, that being where it was. The club's insignia was a little golden flask but the orgies were limited to playing bridge and driving rapidly from Chapel Street to Savin Rock in a bright-blue Pierce-Arrow which belonged to one of the members. The only time Ingersoll really achieved any prominence on the campus was when he wrote a letter to the *Yale Daily News* (then edited by a beetle-browed infant called Henry Robinson Luce), accusing the faculty of firing a biology professor because he didn't share their pro-German sympathies. For some reason, perhaps because it was reprinted on the front page of the New York *Times*, this bugle call came to the attention of President Hadley, who promptly sent for the author.

"I don't see why I don't dismiss you," he said.

"I do," Ingersoll remembers answering. "You don't dare. There'd be too much stink about it."

Incredibly, President Hadley didn't fire him, or even order him shot, and for a while Ingersoll was almost as important as a football player or William Lyon Phelps. It was all rather like a dream.

STARLIGHT, STARBRIGHT

Child at the window when evening drops
The day's last hour, and the bat's wing
Dips over shaken lilac,
And the round sky spreads empty as a bowl
With the first star sharp on the rim—
Green star, night star for wishing—

Remember today; remember
There in the after-school time,
Foot to the treadle, whir of the wheel,
The bearded one with the rain over his shoulder,
Red knuckles and knife flash;
Remember the scissors-grinder

There on the walk by the yard gate (stone
Hot to the blade scream),
He in the dark coat, he with the pitted flesh
And the long knives ground sharp enough
To slice a child's ears clean from the head.
O pounding heart, remember

Fear dry in the mouth, crawling cold
Between bony knees; hide quick by the hedge
Behind the black walnut; run,
Run to the alley, try the kitchen door—
His arms are long, the spring light
Blue on the bare knife—run!

Now the safe window and the bed.
Wish by the first star that you see tonight
(He stalks from the world's shadow, a thousand shapes
Wearing his special blackness),
Child at the window, facing the coming night:
"Starlight, starbright . . ."

—RUTH LECHLITNER

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THE two years following Ingersoll's graduation in 1921 were a little mixed up. He worked as a mucker in a mine in Grass Valley, California, where he joined his first union and established the impressive record of handling fifty-six tons of ore in an eight-hour day. He went abroad and flew from Paris to Rome, a trip that took him only one day longer than it would have if he'd made it by train. One summer he took a course in short-story writing under Blanche Colton Williams at Columbia.

"Ever since then clichés have nauseated me," he says. "Including my own."

Then he went back to the mines, this time in Bisbee, Arizona, and Sonora, in Mexico. The short-story course had left its mark on him, however, and he wanted to write. He always had, in fact, the engineering course and the mining being no more than a concession to his father, who was probably the first member of the vast conspiracy to keep Ingersoll from getting his thoughts down on paper. He had been promoted to division engineer in the Sonora mine, but he resigned and came back to New York.

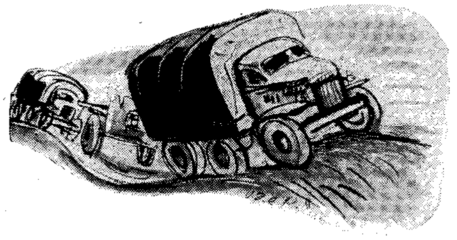
The idea was to get a job as a reporter, but it wasn't as simple as it sounded. For several weeks he made the rounds of the newspaper offices, but he got to see nobody more imposing than an assistant city editor on the *Herald Tribune*, who got up quietly after five minutes and never came back. Ingersoll broadened his field to include magazines and one day found himself talking to Glenn Frank of the Century Company, who was obviously under the impression that his guest was somebody else.

"What's your book going to be about?" he asked politely.

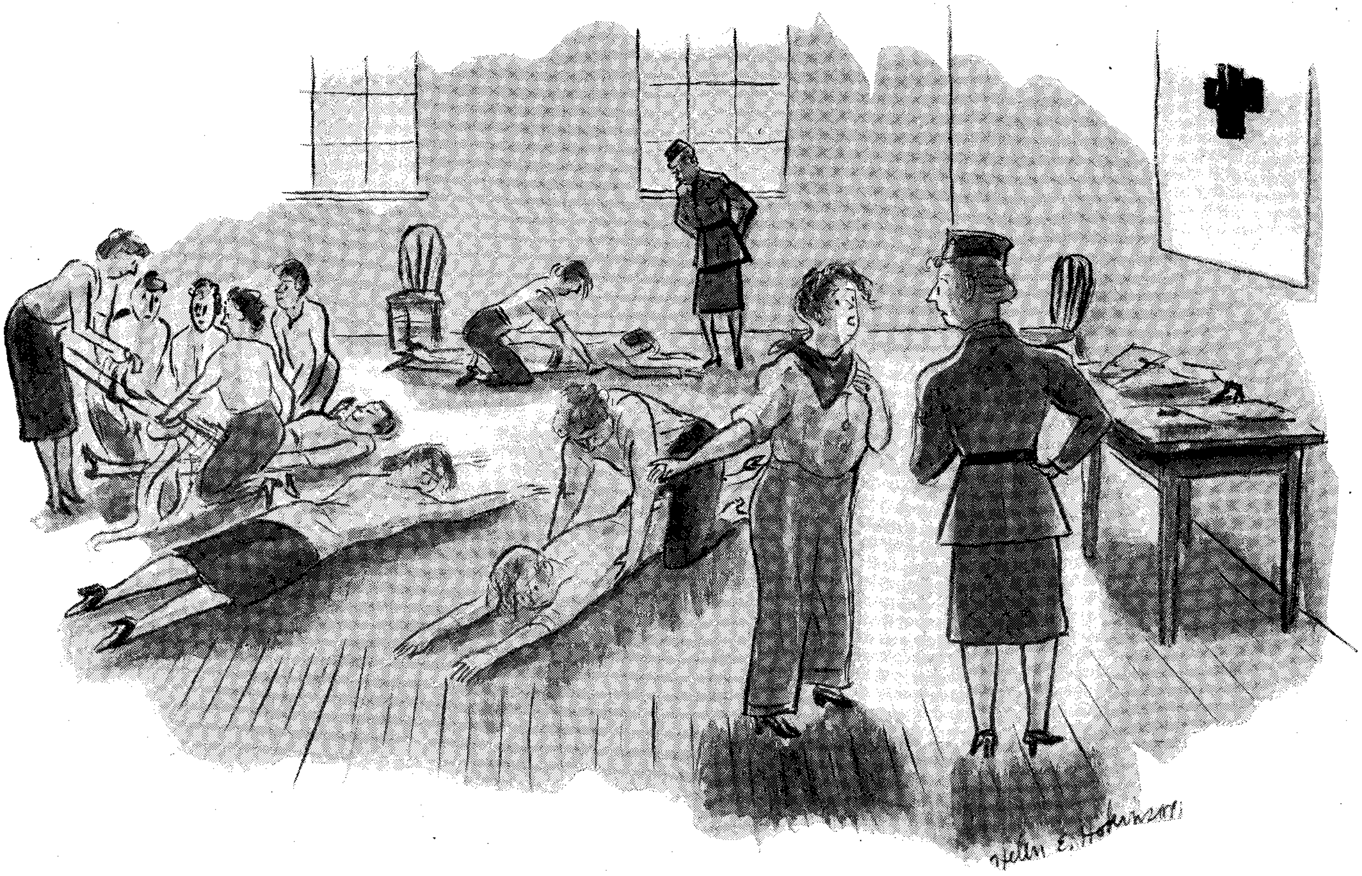
"Mining," said Ingersoll, who up to that moment hadn't thought of writing one.

"That's fine. I want to read it," said Mr. Frank.

In four days Ingersoll was back with an outline and the first four chapters of "In and Under Mexico." Even in those days composition came to him with none of that grotesque torment of the spirit which afflicts less fluent men. When the book was finished, the Century Company obligingly published it, but, although it was angrily denounced by the mining journals, who accused Ingersoll of being disrespectful to pit-head society, it was received impassively by the general public.



Finally he got a newspaper job in a manner more true to life than morality. He found himself sitting next to a Hearst executive at a dinner party, and the next day he went to work as a reporter on the *American* at a salary of $22.50 a week. During this period two things happened to Ingersoll that were to have a considerable influence on his future. Although he worked seven days a week and usually had signed stories on the first page, the Hearst organization declined to raise his salary. From his reasonable indignation grew a dim suspicion that he was being exploited and that conceivably other workers were, too. It was the first imperfection he had noticed in the capitalist system. Also, about that time there was a pressmen's



"My victim wants an aspirin."

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strike and for a while the New York papers combined in putting out an eight-page daily, which gave the news in capsule form, carried no advertising, and pandered to none of its subscribers' morbid appetites. From that time on, he says, *PM* was always somewhere in the back of his mind.

Ingersoll left the *American* in a fine burst of moral indignation. Because of something rather innocent and bumbling in his appearance that seemed likely to disarm suspicion, he was sent out to do a series of articles on the Veterans' Bureau, an organization that had been persistently tossing other Hearst reporters out of the window. Ingersoll got his facts, wrote what he considered an accurate and impartial piece, and was feeling moderately pleased with himself generally until he picked up the paper and saw what his employers had managed to do with his material. It was a vicious attack on the Bureau and a complete distortion of everything he had written. The next morning Ingersoll went into action. First, he brought down Martin Dunn, the city editor, with a long, looping uppercut to the mid-section, and then he went to look for Victor Watson, the managing editor. Mr. Watson, a prudent man, was not in his office, however, and Ingersoll never got another chance at him, because the next day he was out of work.

He spent the following year as a free-lance writer, covering a wide range of subject matter. His first work was turned out for a magazine provocatively known as *I Confess*, and it dealt with the reminiscences of a rather sporty débutante. In it Ingersoll, writing in the first person, described how he narrowly escaped being seduced at a Beaux-Arts Ball. He was not, however, exclusively preoccupied with sex, and his next piece was written for the *Saturday Evening Post* and covered some of the technical problems of the early radio. He wrote several more articles for the *Post* and then, following a fashion of the period, he sailed off to the Riviera, where he took a villa for seventy-five dollars a year and wrote a novel. He recalls this project with dim embarrassment.

"It was about two women," he says bleakly. "Bad subject for me, I guess. Anyway, nothing came of it."

Discouraged and a little alarmed to find himself living on his capital, a thing respectable people don't do, he came back to New York and began again to look for a regular job.

The story of how Ingersoll first got to be employed on a magazine, which happened to be the one you're reading, has its maniacal aspects. He came to call on the editor in a handsome, light-gray flannel suit and for a while the two talked guardedly. Ingersoll got a strong impression that his companion was painfully depressed by the idea of hiring anybody, particularly him. Presently, in fact, the editor abandoned the whole subject of employment and embarked on the story of his own past, which appeared to be voluminous. He was lit with a strange vivacity and his gestures grew wide and convulsive. Finally, in the middle of some unlikely story about his experiences on a paper called *The Stars and Stripes*, he swept his arm passionately across his desk and knocked an open bottle of ink into his caller's lap. With the help of a secretary, Ingersoll was blotted off, but it was plain that he was practically ruined and the situation itself remained untidy. The editor looked at his handiwork glumly and then seemed to come to a painful decision.

"All right. When can you come to work?" he said.

"What?" said Ingersoll, to whom things were obviously happening rather rapidly.

"When can you come to work?" repeated the editor impatiently. "I guess you'd better come Monday. I'll give you fifty dollars."

Through his confusion, as the door closed behind him, Ingersoll heard his new employer addressing the secretary.

"Jesus Christ," he cried with furious amazement, "I hire anybody!"

Ingersoll worked on this magazine

for nearly five years, winding up as a managing editor. He is remembered by pioneer members of the staff as an untidy man of formidable energy—the creator of elaborate systems for simplifying office routine, the author of prodigious memoranda on every subject under the sun, a valuable authority on the fashionable doings of Park Avenue and Long Island. His desk was a pharmacist's treasury of pills, disinfectants, and hair-restorers, for he was convinced that his health was precarious and it was obvious that his hair was getting thin. He was not always easy to understand, because he had a tendency to lisp and some of his other consonants were rather blurred. Once a conference dissolved helplessly because everybody was under the impression that Ingersoll was saying "Thor" when he was, in fact, talking about a man called Thaw.

"I'll have no mythological characters in this magazine," said the editor sourly.

Like practically everybody else in those wonderful days, Ingersoll was profitably involved in the stock market and he spent a good deal of time talking to his broker on a curious attachment called a Hush-A-Phone, which made his voice sound even more muffled and ghostly than it was.

All this time, of course, he was yearning to write, but the authorities were not especially coöperative, and in the end he had to be content with a football column signed "Linesman." He took this seriously, bustling off to Yale, Harvard, and Princeton (the power football played by the big, tough schools didn't interest him), as picturesquely draped with blankets, flasks, binoculars, and assorted pelts as a man in *Esquire*. Later he watched in agony as the hired assassin on the copy desk mutilated a prose chiefly remarkable for its patient struggle to find synonyms for the word "football" and its rather frantic admiration for a young man named Albie Booth.

Ingersoll left this employment amicably enough in 1930. He felt he needed more scope and he was not averse to more money, and since both these were offered him by the management of *Fortune*, he resigned and joined Luce in his chromium-plated tower in the Chrysler Building. He was generally regretted by his former associates, who not only had liked him but also were never again to see a colleague who put on striped trousers and a top hat as a matter of course when he went out to report the Easter parade. Only the editor remained mildly sardonic.

"Ingersoll was a great man for system," he observed once. "If I gave him a thousand dollars a week just to sit in an empty room, before you know it he'd have six people helping him."

Time, Inc., was wonderful—an opium-eater's vision of a magazine office. For anybody who *was* anybody, salaries began at $10,000 (Ingersoll got $15,000) and ended in the stars. All God's chillun had stock, and the air was full of stupendous projects, as queer and impalpable as dreams. A special timesaving language was even employed, which first ran familiar words together and then printed them backward. The atmosphere was moral, energetic, and quick with hope, combining perhaps the best features of Yale and Heaven. Ingersoll fitted into it beautifully.

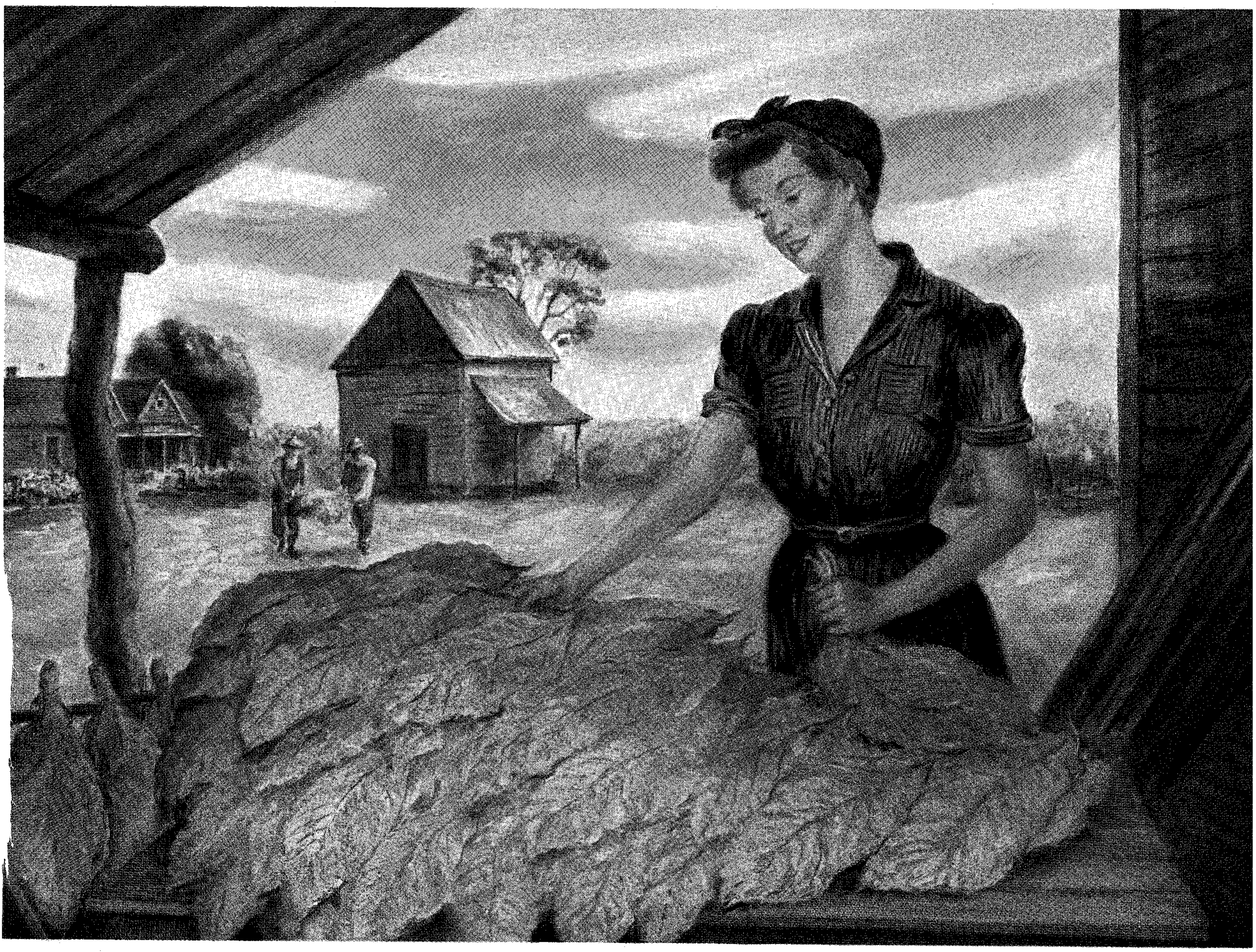
He was employed first as an associate editor of *Fortune*, which was going through difficulties because of the depression. It was Luce's theory that the public had a legitimate interest in the affairs of private corporations. Since, however, most of these affairs were a mess, a good many big businesses were reluctant to be investigated, even by a magazine that cost a dollar and could be classed as a moderately big business itself. It was Ingersoll's job to reassure them, and he did this so successfully—swooping down on the impressionable tycoons in his blue monoplane—that within a year he had been made managing editor. This lasted for five years, during which he was encouraged to write articles on such assorted subjects as William Randolph Hearst, Burlesque, the Gold Standard, and the Continent of Australia. He was having a hell of a time generally. He kept an ant palace in his office and he studied this world in microcosm attentively, forming his own opinions of human behavior. Moreover, in these benign surroundings, the nervous indigestion which had plagued him for years gradually passed away.

Late in 1935, when Ingersoll was vice-president and general manager of Time, Inc. (in charge of reorganization and other miracles), somebody dug up a dummy for a picture magazine, which had previously been dismissed as impracticable by Luce and relegated to the files. Ingersoll thought well of it in principle, both as an artistic enterprise

"How old is a Major?"

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Grading a pile of tobacco after curing. Painted from life by John Steuart Curry

To bring you fine, mild tobacco like this we paid 34%* more in Pamplico, S. C.

EVERYBODY KNOWS that some tobacco is better than other tobacco—and year after year, all through the South, the makers of Luckies pay the price to get the milder, better-tasting leaf.

For example: In Pamplico, S. C., at auctions of the 1939 crop, we paid 34% more—yes, 34% above the average market price to get this fine tobacco.

This was in no way unusual. We paid well above the average market price in 108 tobacco markets that season. And that 1939 crop, properly aged, mellowed, and blended with other fine crops, is in the Luckies you buy today.

To independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

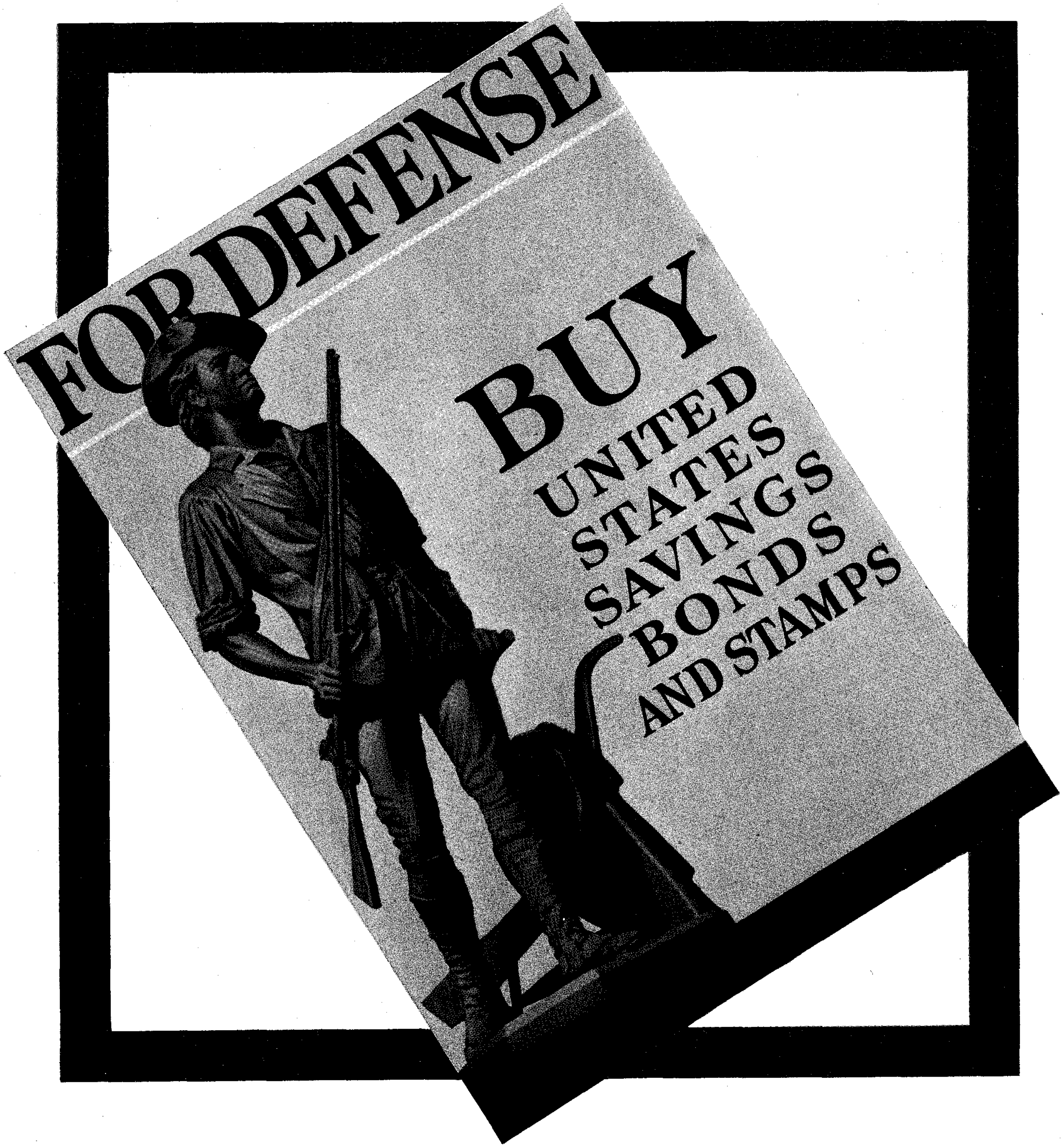
In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts... and the milder, better-tasting leaf is in Luckies. Isn't that worth acting on, next time you buy cigarettes?

CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company

34% more than the average market price reported by U. S. Department of Agriculture.

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1


FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

and as a possible money-maker, and undertook to resell it to his employer, who at that time happened to be spending his honeymoon in Cuba, where he was devoting a good deal of his time either to reading aloud or else to taking setting-up exercises, both under the supervision of his bride. There is no record of precisely what emotions stirred in the groom's bosom as a plane winged out of the northern sky and discharged Ingersoll, bearing the revised dummy of the publication that was soon to be known as *Life*.

"I sold it to Harry and Clare right there on the beach," he says, with some satisfaction.

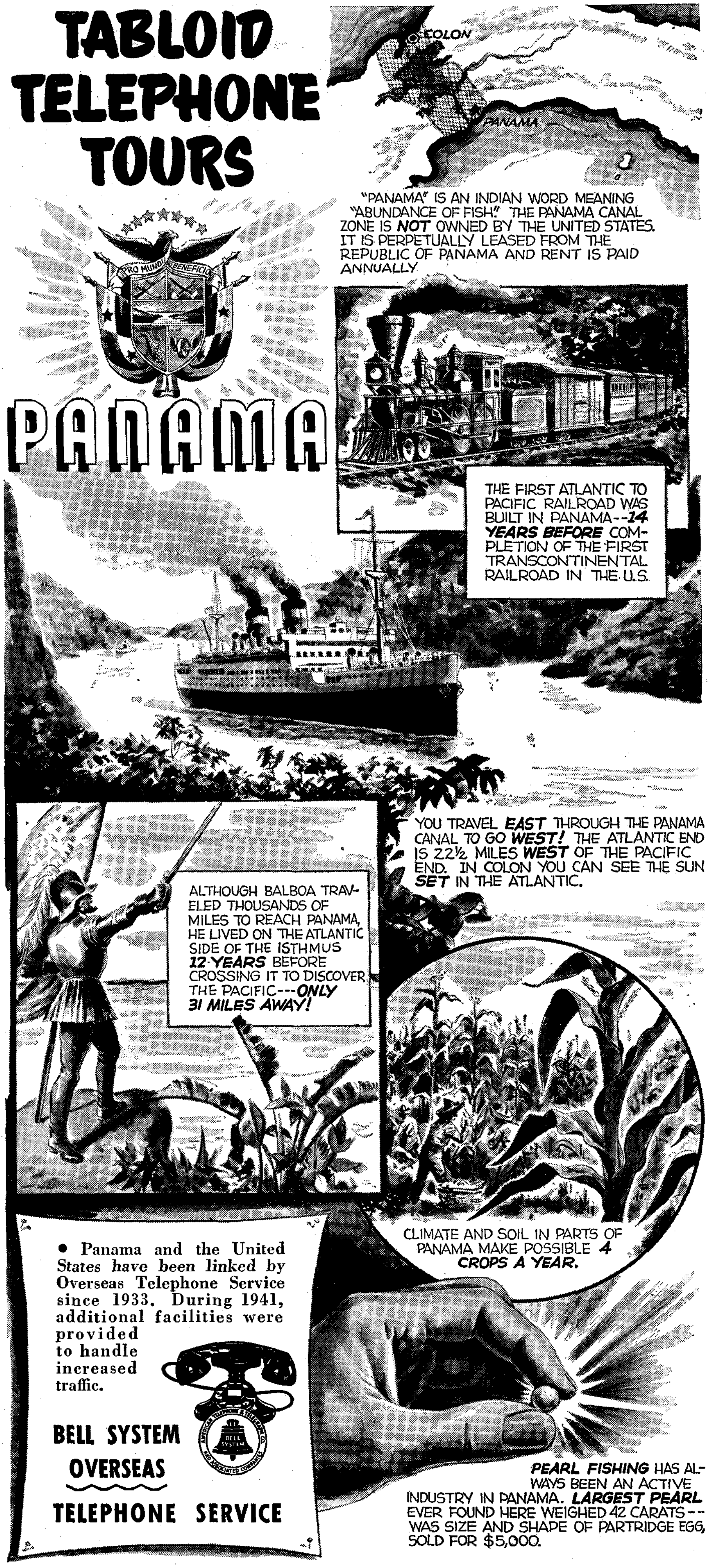
This was probably the high point of his career with the Luce organization. He was made publisher of *Time* in 1937 at a salary of $45,000 plus stock bonuses that were calculated to be worth a million dollars in the end, but for a while his relations with his employer had not been on quite the old glad, confident basis. In a rather sweeping memorandum written to himself during that year (it has always been customary on *Time* to address yourself formally, in triplicate), Ingersoll said:

> I think this country is a swell place but I do not think it is nearly good enough. I think the majority of people who live in it get bad breaks. I believe not only that the wretched conditions in which these people are born and live and work are unhealthful to the welfare of the country, but also that a hell of a lot of it is unnecessary. Right-minded men can, and must, do something about it, each to his own trade. My trade is journalism.

Luce, according to Ingersoll, was not quite prepared for this brand of salvation. "Harry had a different idea of a journalist's functions. He believed that a journalist should be amoral—with no responsibility except to be accurate and able to hold the attention of his audience. We drifted apart."

These warring concepts of publishing morality reached a climax in an incident that is probably best described by Ingersoll himself in another memorandum that it is hard not to italicize here and there:

> Harry takes the institution of choosing the man of the year for the cover of *Time's* first January issue very seriously. He is very clear about his policy on cover subjects. They are the people who make the most noise. Moral values are not to be considered. Harry had it all out years ago when he put Al Capone on the cover of *Time*, and the Methodist customers screamed like hell. Harry argued right back at them that the cover of *Time* implied no endorsement; it simply represented the appraisal of the editors of



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"PANAMA" IS AN INDIAN WORD MEANING "ABUNDANCE OF FISH." THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE IS **NOT** OWNED BY THE UNITED STATES. IT IS PERPETUALLY LEASED FROM THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA AND RENT IS PAID ANNUALLY

THE FIRST ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC RAILROAD WAS BUILT IN PANAMA--**14 YEARS BEFORE** COMPLETION OF THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD IN THE U.S.

YOU TRAVEL **EAST** THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL TO GO **WEST!** THE ATLANTIC END IS 22½ MILES **WEST** OF THE PACIFIC END. IN COLON YOU CAN SEE THE SUN **SET** IN THE ATLANTIC.

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CLIMATE AND SOIL IN PARTS OF PANAMA MAKE POSSIBLE **4 CROPS A YEAR.**

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PEARL FISHING HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN ACTIVE INDUSTRY IN PANAMA. **LARGEST PEARL** EVER FOUND HERE WEIGHED 42 CARATS--WAS SIZE AND SHAPE OF PARTRIDGE EGG, SOLD FOR $5,000.

CRITICS' PRIZE PLAY
John C. Wilson presents
Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
NOEL COWARD'S Best Comedy
MOROSCO THEA. W. 45th St., CI. 6-6230
Evenings at 8:40 • Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

A THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION
PAUL MUNI
in EMLYN WILLIAMS' PLAY
YESTERDAY'S MAGIC
with
JESSICA TANDY
GUILD THEA. 52nd St. W. of B'way. CO 5-8229
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., $2.75 to $1.10

"A PERFECT COMEDY"—ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE Theatre

SHEPARD TRAUBE, in association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
Vincent PRICE • Judith EVELYN • Leo G. CARROLL
GOLDEN Theatre, W. 45th St. CI. 6-6740.
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HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

THE ALL AMERICAN 5-LETTER FEMALE AT WORK in
GUEST IN THE HOUSE
"A cheerful experience—you'll enjoy it." Wolcott Gibbs, New Yorker
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th W. of B'way
Evs. inc. Sun. 8:40. Mat. Wed. & Sat.

OLSEN & JOHNSON
In Their New Crazy Musical
SONS O' FUN
CARMEN MIRANDA · ELLA LOGAN
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Mats. SAT. & SUN. $1.10—$2.75. 2 SHOWS SUNDAY

"Beautiful and exciting! . . . a smash hit."—Richard Watts Jr., Her. Trib.
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
George Gershwin's
PORGY AND BESS
MAJESTIC Thea., West 44th St. CI. 6-0730
Eves. including Sunday. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Time as to who was most "newsworthy."

All right. Came the time when I was publisher at *Time* and the man of the year—the most newsworthy one in the world—was obviously Adolf Hitler. And *Time* had a very striking color photograph of Adolf in his khaki uniform—not deifying him but making him look very solid and clean and respectable.

It began to worry hell out of me. It was about the time the first atrocity and concentration camp stories were coming in from Germany, and I felt very strongly on the subject of Hitler. I did not see how *Time* could put this dignified picture of him on the cover without conveying some kind of tacit endorsement. The words for what I felt are hard to find—this was before the world was clear on a lot of subjects—but what I felt was more than a simple dislike. Anyway, I kept on worrying until I decided to see if I couldn't find a picture which expressed what I felt.

I began asking around, but it was December before I stumbled on a hell of a fine lithograph of a Catherine-wheel with naked bodies hanging from it and down in one corner a tiny little man playing a hymn of hate on an organ, and the man was Hitler. It said about what I wanted to say: that Hitler indeed rated the cover of *Time* on newsworthiness—but he rated it because he was a little man who had done such terrible things.

By the time I found this lithograph Harry was off some place and I was alone running the shop. The editors of *Time* fell into violent disagreement over my proposal to substitute the lithograph for the colored portrait. In the end I arbitrated by agreeing with myself and putting the lithograph on.

The day Harry came back, I went up to see him and instantly opened the subject of the cover. I said I have done something you may not approve of, Harry, because it violates a long-standing tradition of *Time*. But before you tell me whether you do or do not approve I would like you to know how I felt about it and why I did what I did—and I told the history of the choosing of the man of the year cover.

It was in Harry's room on top of the Time-Life Building, and we were quite alone. When I got through the fairly simple tale, Harry became visibly emotional, flushing and getting that cold set look he gets when he is very angry. We sat looking at each other for about a minute and then he said simply, "Spilt milk: let's not discuss it."

They never did and, as far as Ingersoll can remember, they never again talked frankly about any other editorial problems, either. Ingersoll, as a matter of fact, had just about outgrown Time, Inc. He was practically ripe for the great apocalypse. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

(*This is the first of two articles about Ralph Ingersoll.*)

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the jacket of Pocket Book No. 123*]

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, by Robert Louis Stevenson. The Story on which the M.G.M. Picture Was Based.

MAX GORDON HITS
"A HONEY OF A SHOW" —Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
SECOND LAUGH YEAR!
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Every Eve. except Tues. 8:40
MATINEE Sat. 2:40. Sun., 3 P.M.

"Buoyant, giddy & funny" —Atkinson, Times
JUNIOR MISS
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

"MAGNIFICENT!"—Atkinson, Times
"MIRACULOUS!"—Mantle, Daily News
"SUPERB!"—Farrell, World-Telegram
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in the Musical Hit
"LADY IN THE DARK"
ALVIN, 52 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A honey for your money."—Winchell
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical hit
BEST FOOT FORWARD
with ROSEMARY LANE
Book by JOHN CECIL HOLM • Music & Lyrics by HUGH MARTIN & RALPH BLANE
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

WHARTON and GABEL present
HYMIE of Cafe Crown
the town's favorite!
CORT THEATRE

MOTION PICTURES

JEAN GABIN
in his first Hollywood Production
"MOONTIDE"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
RIVOLI
Broadway at 49th St.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Norma SHEARER • Melvyn DOUGLAS
"WE WERE DANCING"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
GALA STAGE REVUE • SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

EDWARD SMALL Presents
George BRENT • Joan BENNETT
in "TWIN BEDS"
Released Thru United Artists
Capitol
B'way & 51st Street

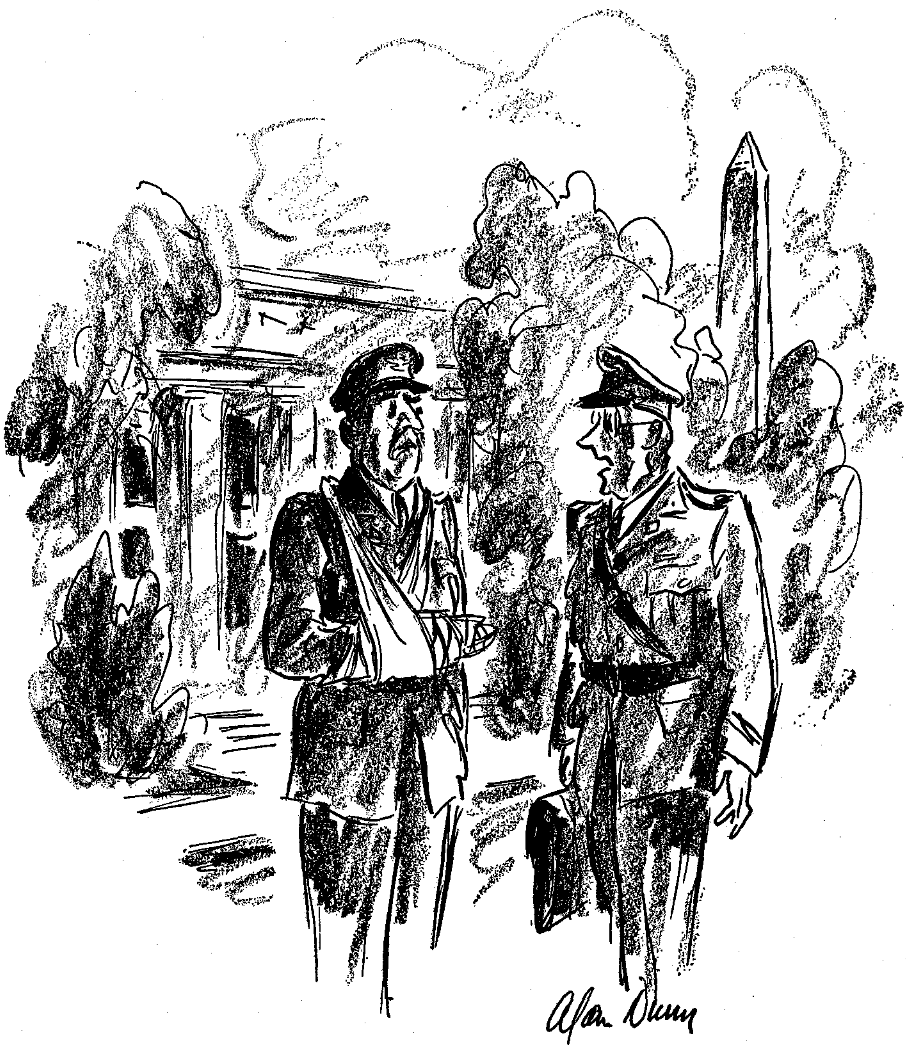
Additional Amusement Advertising on page 30

THE THEATRE

VAUDEVILLE IS ICUMEN BACK

THERE is plenty of room for argument—at least room enough to swing a critic—but I think I prefer Clifford Fischer's "Keep 'Em Laughing" to Mr. Fischer's recent and very similar enterprise called "Priorities of 1942." This opinion is based partly on the fact that to me Victor Moore, no matter what he's doing, is a funnier and more endearing comic than Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, and Phil Baker, all put together; partly on the fact that, sacrilegiously, I would rather watch the Hartmans than Paul Draper; and partly on the fact that "Keep 'Em Laughing" contains unquestionably the best trained-dog act in the history of the theatre. I am aware of the level on which these remarks must place me aesthetically, but I will stick to them just the same.

On the negative side, I have to admit that Hildegarde, though a talented and self-possessed artist, seems to me distinctly inferior to Hazel Scott; that a good deal of Mr. Moore's material is old and aimless; and that musically Mr. Fischer's new show is at least as negligible as its predecessor. The balance, however, remains strongly in favor of the performance at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. In addition to Mr. Moore, the Hartmans, and the dogs, you will see Zero Mostel, a damp and boneless comedian, whose humor is considerably above the usual vaudeville level; an exceptional sketch about a drunken Hollywood author, containing William Gaxton; xylophonists and adagio dancers guaranteed not to make your teeth hurt; and far more than the customary quota of girls who look not only beautiful but also as if possibly they might speak the English language. If you must have vaudeville, "Keep 'Em Laughing" is highly recommended.



"Tough luck! And your briefcase arm, too."

"SAVONAROLA," at the Blackfriars' Theatre (upstairs and turn to your left at 320 West Fifty-seventh Street), is a worthy and dignified attempt to give us a play about a peculiarly interesting man. Beyond this, I'm afraid, I can't go. Father Urban Nagle, who wrote it, is an author reluctant to employ one word where ten will do, he is a victim of that kind of stately literary epigram which is probably more effective when written than when spoken, and his notions of dramatic construction appear to be a little naïve. Furthermore, the production suffers perceptibly from the limitations both of a small stage and, I suppose, an even smaller budget. The scenes are played either in the bright glare of Times Square or else in a gloom less ecclesiastical than merely hard on the eyes, offstage shouts and murmurs are provided by a phonograph that synchronizes only indifferently with the action on the stage, and the unfortunate churchmen are provided with tonsures varying so widely from their complexions that for quite a while I was under the impression that they were all wearing little pink skullcaps. The actors, including Brandon Peters, Morgan Farley, and Albert Carroll, do their best to overcome these assorted handicaps, but I am obliged to say that they were only occasionally successful.

SOMETHING called "What Big Ears!" was nominated by many of my discerning colleagues as the most painful experience of the season, and I am no man to contradict them. Samuel Zolotow, whose *Advance Theatrical Guide* is one of the delights of my life, had warned me previously that it concerned "a moronic individual from a medicine show, who impersonates a woman and finally reaches the coast to become 'the beloved old lady' of the silver screen." Undeterred by this grisly synopsis, I went to the Windsor and got exactly what was coming to me. Taylor Holmes, Ruth Weston, and Edwin Philips had the most to say, and if they forgot a good deal of it, I was certainly not inclined to blame them.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

●

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, who told in "I, Too, Have Liver in Arcadia"...—*The Herald Tribune.*

Hoarding, Mrs. Lowndes?

MADISON SQ. GARDEN
TWICE DAILY
2:15 and 8:15 P.M.
Incl. SUNDAYS
Doors Open 1 & 7
NOW
Final Performance Sunday Night, May 10
"The Most Colorful, The Most Beautiful, The Most Exciting Show of Them All!"
....WALTER WINCHELL

RINGLING BROS
AND
BARNUM & BAILEY
CIRCUS

PRODUCED BY
JOHN RINGLING NORTH
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
Designed by NORMAN BEL GEDDES
The Radiant New SUPER SPECTACLE "HOLIDAYS"
"BALLET of the ELEPHANTS"
Directed by GEORGE BALANCHINE
MUSIC by IGOR STRAVINSKY
Mr. & Mrs. GARGANTUA The Great
"FIESTA DEL TORRES"
New 100-GIRL AERIAL BALLET
Alfred COURT'S Great Wild Animal Acts
Terrific New FUN Productions
ALL-OUT PATRIOTIC GRAND FINALE
800 Circus Stars–100 Clowns–Hundreds of Horses
Vast Restyled Menagerie–New Congress of Freaks
Tickets Admitting to everything (incl. Seats) $1.10 to $4.40, Incl. tax. Children under 12 Half Price Every Aft'n Except Sat. & Sund.
Tickets at Madison Sq. Garden and Agencies

MOTION PICTURE

The Year's Grandest Musical!
Rita HAYWORTH Victor MATURE
in Theodore Dreiser's
"MY GAL SAL"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Plus a Big Stage Show ROXY 7th Ave. at 50th St.

THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

"Where the Best Continental Cuisine is served most reasonably!"
CAVIAR
RESTAURANT
18 EAST 49th ST. New York

LETTER FROM LONDON

April 26 (by cable)

In the spring a young or old Englishman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of invasion, judging by the kind of talk which is going around at the moment. What makes the talk different from the invasion chat which circulated last spring is that this time it mostly concerns an English invasion of the Continent, although the press has hastened to point out that von Rundstedt's new troop dispositions may just as easily have an offensive significance as a defensive one and that it's quite in the cards that the Germans may be hustled into trying something here before anything drastic is tried out on them there. The general public, however, continues to be convinced that the strong daylight sweeps over France, the Commando reconnaissance trips, and the recent presence of General Marshall in London are all hopeful straws in a wind which may at any moment touch off a spark along one of the occupied coastlines.

This new optimistic feeling that something is up at last has sent spirits up too, after the doldrums of the long, disastrous winter. Because most of the English full-dress heavyweight expeditions of this war have turned out to be things about which the British prefer not to think, all hopes are now centred on the exciting new discovery of the old national talent for the brilliant impromptu, the type of piratical, sea-borne foray which has often studded and sometimes made English history. Millions of English, hardly less ardently than millions of French, Norwegians, and Dutch, are waiting for the day when the shock troops will drop in and won't drop out again—that day, in fact, which the civilians of St. Nazaire obviously thought had come. Right now there's a feeling that the day may be just around the corner.

Meanwhile the agitation for a combined General Staff under a supreme chief of staff continues, fanned by a fresh blast from the mighty *Times*, which came out with an editorial calling on the Prime Minister to consider such a system and criticizing the government White Paper on the present arrangements for joint planning, which was published last week. Everything seems to indicate that another major Parliamentary dustup is brewing for the near future. Certainly it isn't only the readers of threepenny newspapers who feel that the top layer of authority in the direction of the war isn't perfect. The larger and humbler public also quite sensibly believes that the existing machinery responsible for strategy has, on all the big issues, spectacularly failed to deliver the goods and that it would be a good idea to work out something better, with the success of the Commando operations pointing the way.

The spirit of criticism in the country at the moment is healthily constructive. It's new and important that people are not refusing to sit down in the face of disasters which the high-ups say are inevitable. It is important that a young manufacturer, standing as a leftish Independent, unexpectedly knocked out the government's man in the Grantham election, and that another Independent, Mr. W. J. Brown, with no supporting party machinery and with only the simple platform plank of a more vigorous direction of the war, looks as if he were going to give the government's Sir Claude Holbrook a tough run for his money in the Conservative and largely rural constituency of Rugby a few days hence. Anyone who can promise to push the war is certain of catching votes today, whether he's from Right, Left, or plain pugnacious centre.

The expected warning last week of imminent fuel rationing got such a bad reception that the press had to announce next day that probably no rationing would be necessary, after all, if the last-minute efforts to bring mine owners and workers into line succeeded. The proposed releasing of young miners from the forces may be one of the stumbling blocks; if it is not permitted, it's likely that Britain, one of the world's richest countries in the matter of coal, will paradoxically shiver next winter in the middle of plenty. When the rationing announcement was made in the House of Commons, members were highly critical of the astronomical number of new officials that the scheme called for and dubious of its working out fairly. There has also been a certain amount of restiveness among the right honourable gentlemen over the heavy new tobacco tax, which is alleged to be hard on old-age pensioners and, so one or two of the more austere M.P.'s suggested, not hard enough on the members of the armed forces, who can still buy their cigarettes at the old rate. Distinguished medical authorities were brought in to testify that too much smoking was certainly producing gastric troubles among soldiers and that since athletes in training cut down on smokes, the troops might profitably do ditto, now that they were facing trials that would make the Olympic Games look like an after-lunch nap.

Whatever the state of stomachs among active belligerents, civilian constitutions are standing up to war conditions nicely, according to the latest figures issued by the Ministry of Health. Deaths from influenza, for instance, are fewer than they've been during any corresponding period in the last four years. The only blot on England's seemingly respectable bill of health is the little creature whose presence the aforesaid mighty *Times* has admitted in a letter captioned with simple dignity "The Head Louse." Suddenly hair has become news, not as a woman's crowning glory but as a possible incubator for the dreaded typhus louse. The *Times*' correspondent made the terrifying statement that from thirty to fifty per cent of the young women in industrial areas have coiffures which need the ministrations of a health officer and claimed that they often resent medical interference with their curls because of resulting damage to their permanents. These allegations brought a spirited reply from the managing director of the hairdressing firm of Eugene, who insisted that a good permanent which can be vigorously brushed is the finest form of insurance against the typhus carrier.

Every now and then the papers come out with a campaign for shorter haircuts, tactfully saying only that short hair is smarter, without going into unpleasant details. Social workers who have a lot to do with factory workers say that the present craze for unhygienic manes, which is giving the authorities so many anxious nightmares, is directly attributable to admiration for the coiffures of Hollywood stars. It's a strange thought that Ginger Rogers should have any connection with a host of unwanted little insects six thousand miles away.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

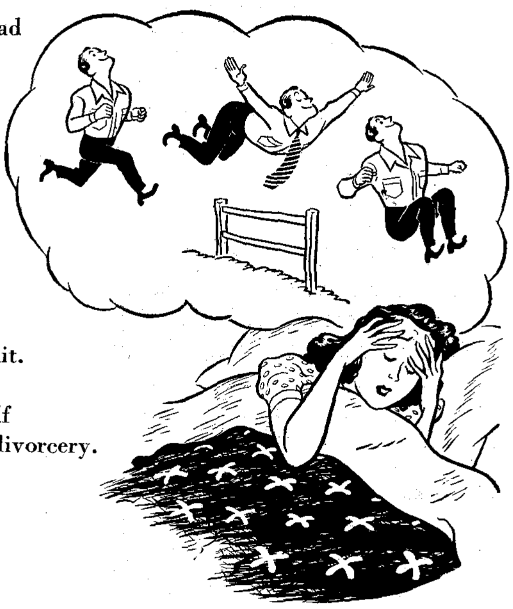
•

Through a regrettable error in the March 20 issue, in the Chilmark news, it was said that poems written by Mrs. Walter L. Mayhew "are to be published in the Poultry Digest." The correct name of the publication is Poetry Digest.—*Vineyard Gazette, Martha's Vineyard.*

Luckily, poultrymen are used to losses of all kinds.

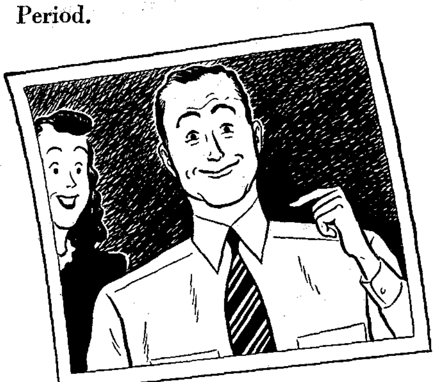
A SHIRT TRICK that Mr. Parsons had
Had his little woman going mad.
He'd start out wearing a regular
shirt and turn out to be
wearing a sports shirt before
she could say, "Curse it!"
Or he'd vice verse it.

She suspected he'd gotten his start
In this quick-change art
And how to work it
In some second-rate vaudeville circuit.
She also suspected sorcery
And even thought of blowing herself
to a trip to Reno, that celebrated divorcery.

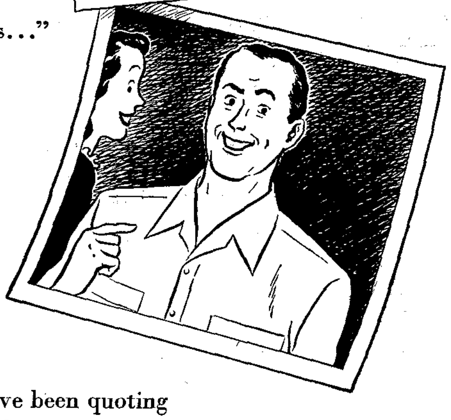


One day, when he got home from work,
Mrs. P. decided to lurk
Quietly, so as not to unnerve him,
And observe him.

What she saw made her face fall:
He didn't change his shirt at all!
It was easy as pie:
He simply took off his coat and tie,
And opened the top button of his shirt
as any husband (slightly weary) 'ud.
Period.



Hearing your wife's face fall is not a
pleasant sound;
So Mr. P. gave ground
And decided no longer to trouble 'er.
"This shirt, my dear," he said, "is an
Arrow Doubler.
It can be worn as a sports shirt or a
regular shirt with equal ease
Primarily because its wonderful Arrow
Collar has points like these . . . "
(He alluded to the length of them.)
". . . also because of these anchored buttons . . ."
(and he commented briefly on the
strength of them.)
He indicated the two pockets,
Suitable for combs, pencils, tees, lockets.
He referred to the "Mitoga" figure-fit
And how the waist didn't bunch a bit.
He pointed to the Sanforized label
Which proved that shrinkage would
be less than 1%, in other words,
the size was stable.



And while he was telling her what we've been quoting
He reconverted his Doubler back from a sports shirt to a regular shirt
without her ever noting.

ARROW SHIRTS

A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y. ★ BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS ★

AS THROUGH A GLASS . . .

IT was after five, and the department-store powder room was almost empty. Women were gathering their handbags and small parcels and scurrying out on their way to trains and buses. The maid was washing out the basins and picking up towels; as she went back and forth, she eyed the blonde woman who sat at the long, mirrored shelf, an assortment of cosmetics spread before her. Deliberately, unhurriedly, she was making herself a new face. Pink cream rouge well rubbed in. Pinkish powder patted smooth. Blue eyeshadow on and over the heavy lids. Dry rouge over the powder. Even in the artificial light the colors were vivid; in the lingering daylight outside they would be garish, but slowly, intently, she continued to apply them. Her harsh, yellow hair had a freshly done look, and her hat, which she had not removed, looked brand-new. It had pink water lilies on it, and it was made of green felt—a bright green, as hard and penetrating as a scream. Her nails were magenta stubs.

The maid passed again and looked at the clock and sighed.

Behind the woman stood a young girl. She was fair, too, but beside the gold and carmine of the older woman her ashy fairness looked gray. Her eyes were gray and they watched the process at the mirror, with patience if not with interest.

The woman glanced past her own reflection to the girl's. "Listen, Babette," she said. "Don't you want to go home?"

The girl answered the reflection in the mirror. "No, Mother," she said.

The woman went back to her task. She took a brown pencil and traced her eyebrows over and over until they were even and exact, their last naturalness gone. "Because I don't need you," she said. "We done all the shopping and all, and it won't be any fun for you hanging around."

The girl said nothing.

"Whyn't you go home?" the woman repeated. "And I'll be out on the seven-ten."

"It's all right, Mother," the girl said. "I don't mind staying in."

The woman genteelly moistened a finger and transferred the wetness to the mascara. Then she brushed her eyelashes till they stood out and up, stickily black. "Aren't you tired?" she asked then. "I should think you'd be tired. You *look* tired."

The girl shook her head. "I'm not tired," she said.

"Whyn't you sit down?" said the woman. "You don't need to stand like that. Whyn't you sit down?"

"I'm all right," said the girl.

"Sit down," said her mother. "I want to talk to you anyways."

The girl sat down, almost without movement.

The woman peered at herself in the mirror. "Listen, Babette," she said. "It's been on my mind all day. I don't want you to mention names in public like you did."

"When did I?"

"When we met those persons today, you did. You mentioned that other person we met's name. And you mentioned it to me in here, too. It's not nice to mention names in public places, no matter where it is."

"What did I say?" asked the girl.

"You didn't *say* anything," said her mother, "but you mentioned that person's name and there might be someone that knew them and they'd say, 'Oh, I heard your name mentioned the other day.' And anyways, I don't like you to mention names in public places."

"All right," said the girl. "I'll be careful."

"There's nothing to be *careful* about," the woman said. "It just isn't nice."

"I won't any more."

"That's right, dear."

THE woman straightened a little, as if the rebuke had reëstablished an authority, and she applied an orange lipstick lavishly. Then she took a small mirror and examined her face from every angle. She settled the water lilies closer to her ears, careful not to disturb a single stiff wave of hair. Then she put down the glass and turned to face her daughter for the first time. "Babette!" she exclaimed. "You know what, dear? You haven't eaten yet! You've been running around with me all day, and you haven't eaten yet! You should have got you a sandwich while I was having my set. You must be starving!"

The girl smiled faintly but her look was steady.

Her mother met it, and then seemed to retreat. "But I suppose you don't mind," she said evenly, as if accepting something.

"No, Mother," the girl said. "I don't mind."

The woman began to put her things together. One by one the pencils and boxes went into her shiny green bag. She snapped it shut and rose, brushing powder from the breast of her checked suit. She swung a fur piece over her shoulders and put on a pair of bright-green gloves. They were new, and she had to break the little thread that held them together. Then she stood perfectly still, looking herself over from head to foot, without joy or pleasure but seriously and carefully, as a mechanic might check an engine before a flight.

She went to the door marked "Out" and then turned. "Listen, Babette," she said. "You're sure you don't want to go on home? It's just this girl I used to know that I haven't seen since she was married, like I told you. There won't be no one for you. You ought to get your food, anyways. You and your father can go to the movies, maybe. I'll be out on the seven-ten, or the eight-twenty-one at the latest."

The girl said nothing but very gently pushed open the door and waited for her mother to pass. Their eyes met and held, and then the woman's checked shoulders suddenly sagged.

"All right," she said. "Come on, then. I guess we can make the six-five." She went out, walking a little gingerly on her platform-soled shoes. Her legs were thin for her solid body but shapely, and her pleated skirt barely covered her knees.

The girl followed her mother, and as she went she tugged at her own skirt, as if trying to lengthen it.

—Patricia Collinge

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DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

Culver City
April 15, 1942

To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
Gentlemen:

MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN, unwittingly, I am sure, made an error about me in her Profile of Lilly Daché in *The New Yorker* of April 4, 1942. She said that, unwilling to pass a picket line in front of Daché's, I had a dozen or so hats delivered to my car for inspection, I bought eight, and I drove away.

I have never knowingly passed a picket line in my life and Mrs. Harriman's statement that I even compromised is most embarrassing to me. The truth of *l'affaire Daché* is this: A friend of mine wanted to see Daché's shop. We drove there together. When I saw the picket line I refused to cross it. My friend, however, went into the shop, bought several hats for herself (*not* for me), and I took her to her home.

Sincerely yours,
Joan Crawford

OF ALL THINGS

Americans will never be able to understand the Oriental mind. Now the Japs are complaining because our government doesn't insist on telling all about its operation.

•

Hitler's fifty-third birthday was observed in sullen silence throughout Europe. It was the consensus of opinion that he had had too many of them already.

•

The occupation of New Caledonia with the permission of the Free French represents a refreshing change of policy. We may have decided to stop rewarding our enemies and punishing our friends.

•

In Pierre Laval's acceptance speech, he repeated all the timeworn Nazi lies about the war. We may assume that after it was over Adolf threw him a fish.

•

Lord Beaverbrook's recent address leaves little doubt that the Nazis could have conquered England if they had invaded the island after Dunkerque. We hope that the Führer is not too busy to kick himself.

•

The Republican National Committee has reluctantly answered Wendell Willkie's call to arms. Other G.O.P. leaders had been hoping that the party could sleep this one out.

•

Those of us who are no longer in our callow youth have tottered in and registered for the draft. Now Uncle Sam knows where to look if he needs overage destroyers.

•

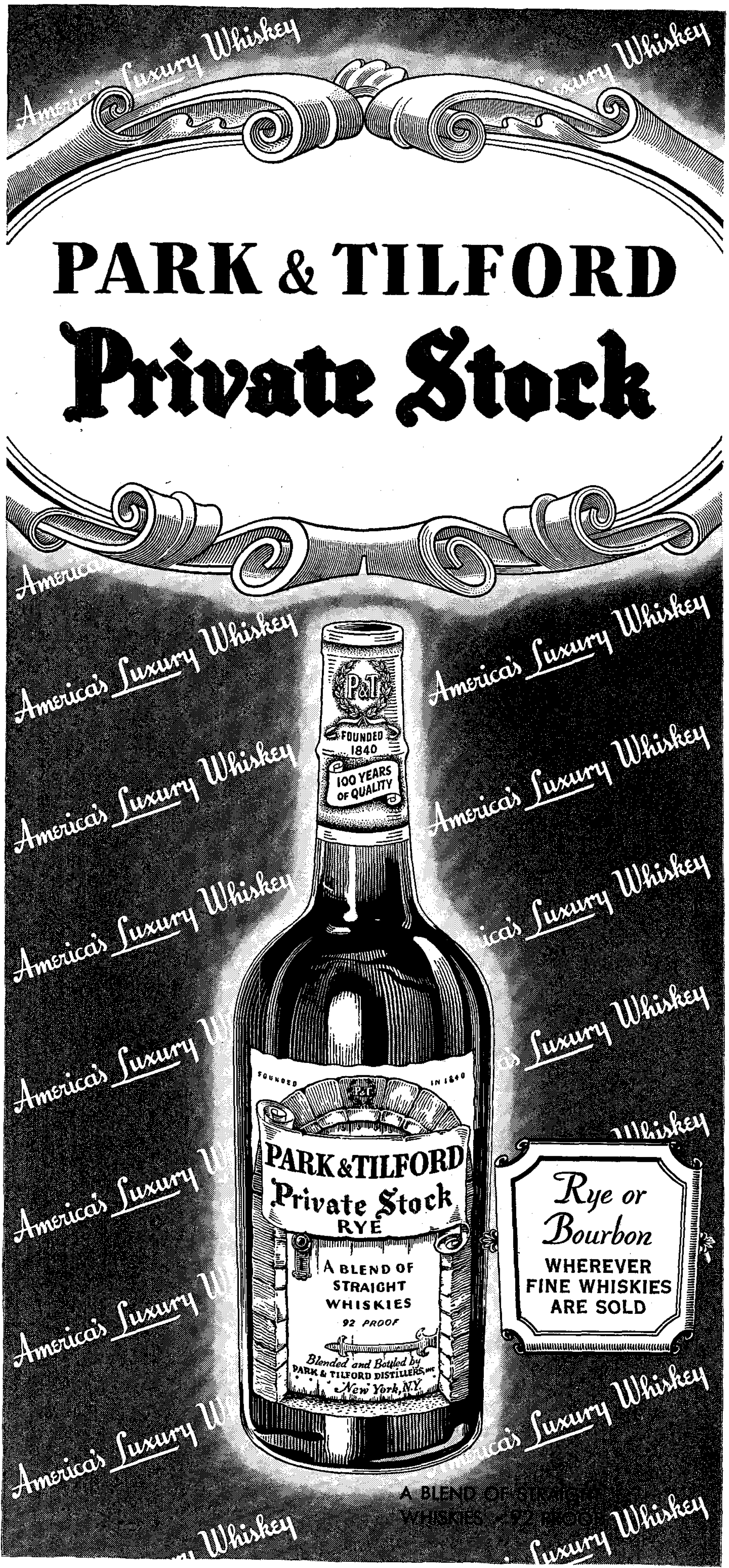
MacLeish warns us to look out for a Nazi peace drive. We should have our regrets ready when Hitler says, "Will you walk into my parley?"

•

We keep reading about new fires on the Normandie. Apparently the only reason we don't burn the boat up is that she isn't dry enough.

•

New York income-tax payers to the number of 100,000 failed to make the twenty-five-per-cent deduction to which they were entitled. Either they did not hear of the tax cut or they didn't believe their ears. —Howard Brubaker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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE COLONEL OF THE SHIP

MEN far apart in time and space fall back upon the same simple stratagems when they find themselves in similar predicaments. I know a White Russian colonel who, when taken prisoner in the Crimea in 1919, feigned madness and was sent to a hospital, from which a White Russian doctor helped him to escape. And only a couple of weeks ago a colonel of the Free French Air Force told me that he too had pretended to be mad when he was arrested in a city in Vichy France. "I had already been condemned in my absence to death for treason, twenty years for desertion, and twenty years for stealing a naval vessel," the Colonel said. "Not a joke, exactly, if they had gone through with it, you'll agree." He is a slim, elegant man who talks fast and slangy French; his gestures are very animated and he looks no more than forty. His face is not completely symmetrical, a bullet having rearranged the right half. We were having lunch in the Hunting Room of the Astor, in a corner that has windows on two sides, and sunshine and a great deal of happy street noise were coming in through the windows. The Colonel was here on a mission involving equipment, and would soon go to join the forces in Egypt. At a nearby table four men were talking to a thin, red-headed girl. I supposed it was about a play they wanted her to appear in, because two of them had typescripts, from which they read to her alternately. The other two just nodded and smacked their lips, looking at her each time one of the readers stopped, as if to say, "Isn't it terrific!" She looked as if it was god-awful.

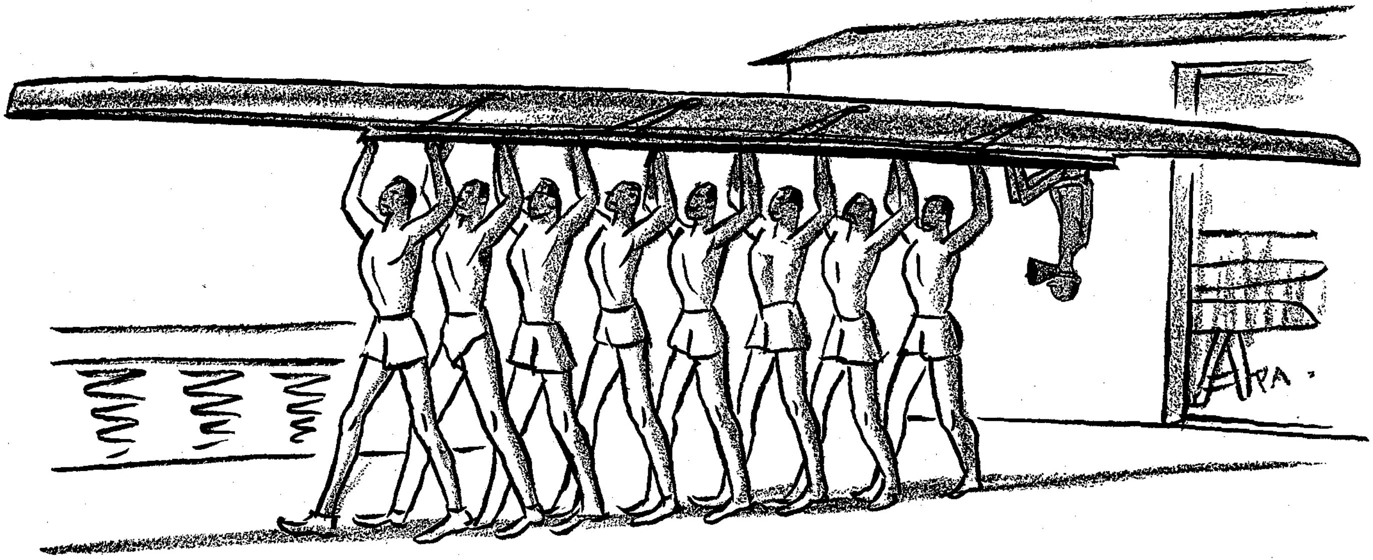
The Colonel kept glancing over at the red-head, just as I did, and this detracted from the dramatic effect of his recital. He talked with the same good-humored *brio* he probably would have devoted to the account of a *steeple* at Auteuil. "There were a couple of officers I knew on the board that examined me when I was arrested," he said. "Good boys at heart, you know, but of the type who do not want to lose their promotions or their pensions. There were also two officers of the gendarmerie—blackguards by professional deformation. A few minutes before the session began, one of the officers I knew had the opportunity to speak to me without the others' hearing. He said, 'Act crazy!' " The Colonel looked at the actress, perhaps wondering what she would have done if asked for such an ad-lib. "It is very difficult to improvise the scenario of a psychosis in five minutes," he continued. "If you do not believe me, try for yourself sometime. My first thought was to perform an immodest act, at the same time calling my judges all the most violent names I could think of. But then I thought that they might take this as evidence of my sanity. I next thought of imitating Hitler—too topical. At last I had an inspiration. I shouted, '*Vive l'Empereur!*'

"A colonel of the gendarmerie howled, 'What are you trying to hand us there?' I howled louder than he, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' My great fear was that the president of the court, an officer I had known since the other war, would burst out laughing and give the show away. My only answer to the whole interrogatory was '*Vive l'Empereur!*' 'What is your name?' '*Vive l'Empereur!*' 'Married or single?' '*Vive l'Empereur!*' 'Titulary of what military grades and decorations?' '*Vive l'Empereur!*' In the end, you understand, it bored them. The president of the court said, 'I move that the prisoner be remanded to the custody of the superintendent of the local hospital for mental diseases for observation.' Even the gendarmes agreed to that. In parenthesis, they were two heads of cows such as you don't see twice in a lifetime.

"When I arrived at the hospital the superintendent did not put me in the great room with the lunatics who were already classified but in a room with two other new arrivals. One did all the time like this." The Colonel put down his knife and fork and started flapping his arms briskly from the elbows, as if he wanted to shake his hands off. "If you don't think that's contagious—" he said wryly, and went on, "The other lunatic believed himself Marshal Joffre. He kept on saying, 'Soldiers, we are at the Marne. The day has arrived,' et cetera, et cetera. The two lunatics were not on good terms. The one who swung his arms said to me, 'Don't believe him. He isn't Joffre.' But I was neatly for Joffre. He was more amiable. I called him '*Monsieur le Maréchal*' and he put matchsticks in my buttonhole and said they were the Médaille Militaire. I had a diverting life for a couple of days, and then the superintendent of the hospital, who was not a collaborationist, discharged me and told me to get out of town. He said he would tell the military court I had been transferred to a hospital with better facilities. This was the result that the president of the court had undoubtedly anticipated, so I suppose there were no embarrassing questions."

"Did you find many officials like that in Unoccupied France?" I asked him.

He nodded. "Yes. Most of them are against the Germans, as long as it



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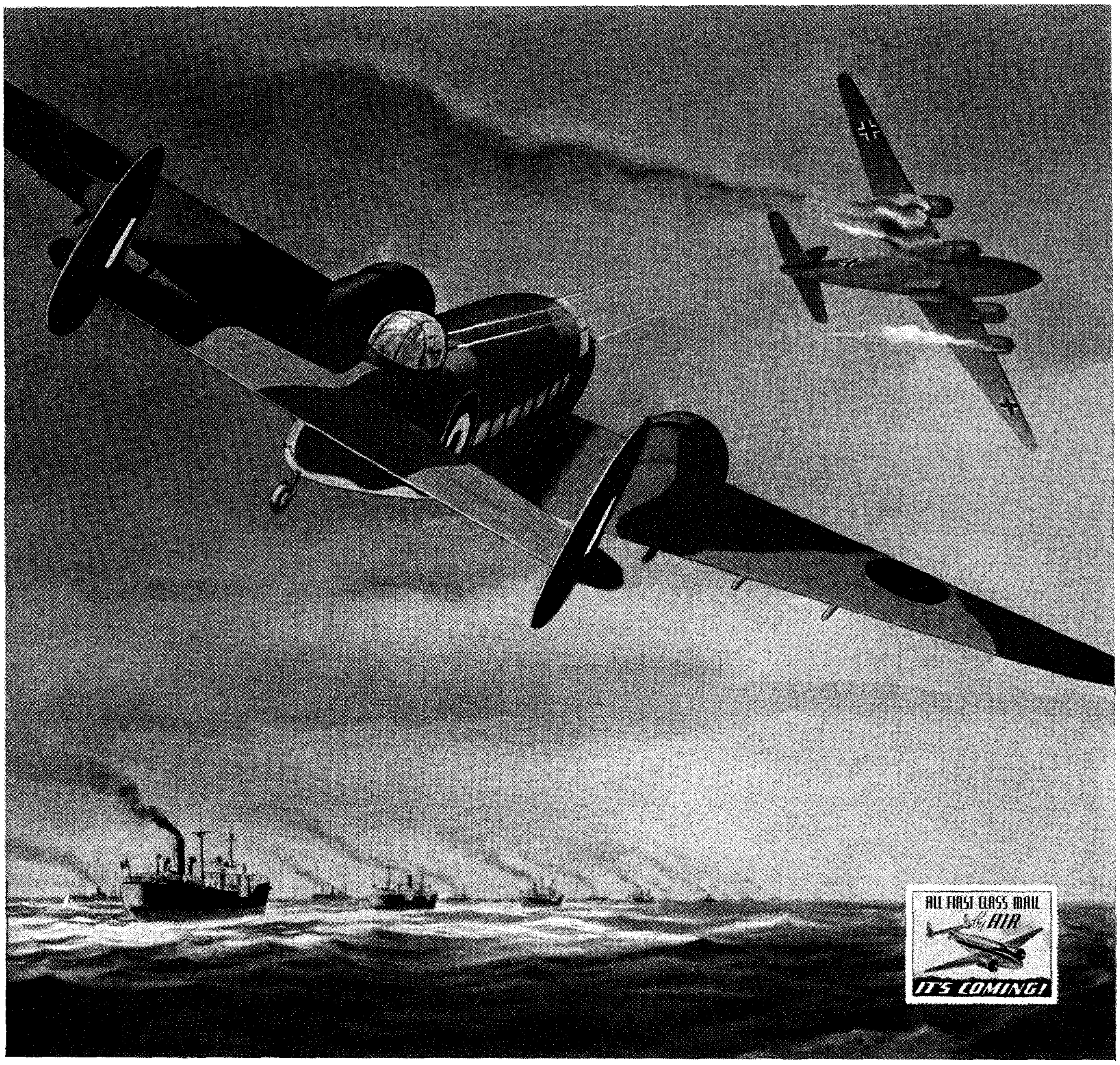

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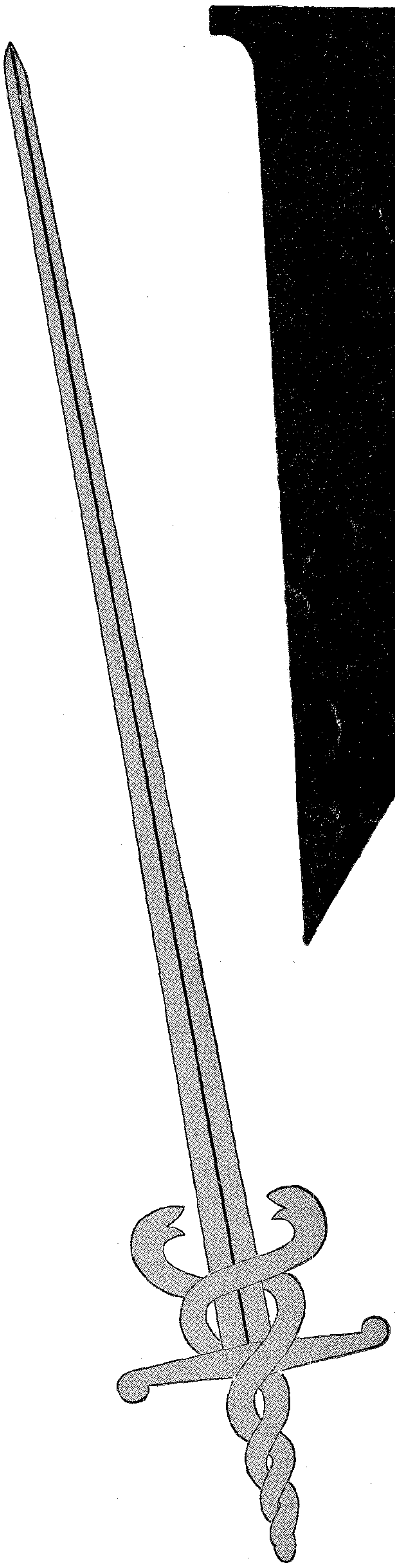

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doesn't cost them anything," he said. "Of course, there are some assassins, men pledged to Darlan and Laval. For example, a number of old sergeants of the professional Army who have been made captains and majors on condition they keep watch on their brother officers. One of that sort, a captain, murdered a boy I knew in Syria, a nice kid of eighteen. The boy was a motorcyclist with the Free French. One of our light detachments—armored cars and motorcyclists—met a couple of Vichy tanks. The boy rode forward alone to meet the tanks. They let him get close without firing. The boy shouted, 'Frenchmen! We are French too! Let us not kill each other! Come out and be friends!' The crews got out of the tanks—they wanted to surrender. Only the captain remained behind, unseen in the interior of one of the tanks. He had a revolver and he shot my friend near the heart. Then he emerged and finished the kid with three shots through the back as the boy lay on the ground. A brute! But his men were afraid that now, if they surrendered, our fellows would murder them in reprisal. So they climbed back in the tanks and made off."

The waiter took away the plates and we ordered black coffee and cigars. "Most of them are not like that, the Vichy officers," he said. "Only, they don't want to get into trouble. I spent six months in Marseilles last year recruiting aviators for the Free French. Hundreds of fellows knew I was in town, but nobody turned me in. A great many officers I met didn't even know I was wanted. There is such a confusion in France that the sentence of a court-martial in one district is sometimes not communicated to the authorities of the adjoining one. Nobody takes official cognizance of anything that isn't forced under his nose. But most of the fellows knew that I had been sentenced, and they did not mention it for fear it might embarrass me. Only, one night I had a little scare. I was sleeping in my hotel room. The night was very hot and I was lying on the bed naked, with just a sheet over me. At about four in the morning I heard a knock at the door and someone said, 'Open in the name of the law.' I went to the door and unlocked it and then jumped back onto the bed and pulled the sheet over me. It was a detective from police headquarters, a big, fat man with curly black hair and mustache and a breath, compounded of *aioli* and *pastis*, that I could smell across the room—a real Marius of Marseilles. He said, 'I have come to take you to headquarters.' I thought, I will make conversation to distract him; then, when we are going down the stairs, I will trip him and run. I said, 'What a curious choice of an hour to get a fellow out of bed!' He said, 'It isn't my idea, you know. It's the military police who want you.' He sounded ashamed of himself. I started pulling my clothes on as slowly as possible. 'I suppose I could just as well come back at about nine o'clock in the morning with two other inspectors and get you,' he said. 'Maybe you could beat it.' I was so happy that I jumped up and threw my arms about him, disregarding the *aioli*. 'But you must tell me where you are going,' he said. That puzzled me, but he explained, 'They will keep me busy looking for you, and it is necessary for my professional reputation that from time to time I find you. Always just too late, of course. I say to my colleagues, "I tracked him down, but he is a dangerous man. At least three of us must go together." We go, we arrive, the hotel clerk says, "It is exact. A type of the indications you give was here, but he has just departed." So drop me a line whenever you move. Address it to Inspector Bastantonio, Headquarters, and I can play billiards tranquilly when I am supposed to be looking for you.' He went away and I finished my sleep and checked out at half past eight. I moved three or four times after that and I always sent him a word. It worked to a marvel."

The red-head and the four men with the two typescripts had paid their check and were leaving. The Colonel looked after them and said, "She moves nicely. Of the theatre, without a doubt. It is a life that would have fascinated me. So full of sudden emotions!"

THE waiter brought our coffee and cigars, and I said, "I believe you mentioned that you once stole a warship? Was it a large one?"

"Only about five hundred tons," the Colonel said. "An armed trawler. I gave it to the English. They are side-splitting, the English. They didn't want to accept the ship at first because I was not a naval officer."

"How did you happen to steal the ship, Colonel?" I asked.

"It is a little complicated," the Colonel said, and then, in the manner of a man who knows he has a good story but has told it so often that he is beginning to get slightly tired of it, went on, "In the last war I was an airplane pilot, but in this one I commanded a flying school. In a flying school one is continually impested by doctors, who deprive you of your best students by finding hidden defects in them. One day I said to one of these dirty doctors, 'For a joke, give me the impossible examination to which you subject these youngsters.' He gave me the examination. It lasted for hours. At the end he found that, with the exception of a slight stiffness of one knee, the result of a bullet in the other war, I was perfect. I was quite fit to pilot a fighter plane. The next day I went to the general of the Army of the Air who commanded the district. I said, 'Old boy, I am through with the rigmarole of conducting this species of boys' school. I have passed my physical examination and I demand to be incorporated in a fighter squadron.' He objected at first, but I insisted, so they posted me to a squadron. I took part in the Battle of France. There were six planes in my squadron, all old cuckoos. There were twelve pilots in readiness, so we used to roll poker dice to see which of us would get a plane. I was lucky. I had a lot of experience in rolling dice in the bars near the Trocadéro, so I had a plane very often. One day they sent our six planes to attack eighty German bombers accompanied by a flock of Messerschmitts. I was shot down somewhere between Arras and Amiens. I borrowed some civilian clothes from a peasant; hid my uniform, and started south, like the Germans. I had hurt my game leg in making the forced landing. I was a pitiable sight. The Germans were very chic; they gave me a hitch on a tank. I said my farm had been destroyed and I was going to join relatives south of Paris. When we got near the front line I thanked them and left. At heart they are very sentimental people—but also bloodthirsty imbeciles. When I got back to the territory we still held, things weren't going any better. On the contrary. I couldn't find my squadron or even get word of where it was. The personnel was probably someplace on the roads, in trucks, the planes long since destroyed. I made myself known to the Bureau of Military Circulation of the army with which I found myself. The colonel in command said, 'You must wear some sort of uniform, old man. I'm sorry that I have none of the aviation to give you.' So he loaned me the uniform of a captain of engineers. He said, 'I could give you temporary papers attesting that you are attached to that regiment, but they would not be official. You have just as good a chance to be shot with them as without.' I said, 'Don't worry, my Colonel, I always carry a rubber stamp with me and plenty of nice, purple ink. I under-

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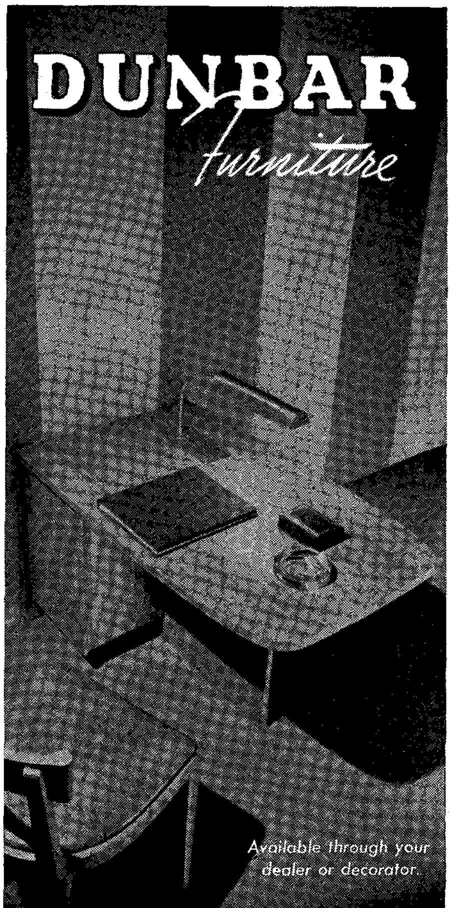
stand our national habits of thought, which attach great importance to any paper with a stamp on it. I will make out my own papers.' He gave me some watermarked paper and said, 'Serve yourself.' I wrote out a dandy set of papers and stamped them. 'Thanks, old boy,' I said, and walked out onto the street. I didn't like to be a captain after having been a colonel—what the devil!—so I found an obliging woman and had her sew two more bars on my arm. That made me a colonel again. As a colonel, it was easy for me to stop automobiles and order the drivers to throw out a couple of other passengers and make place for me.

"I drove south in style, but I could not find my squadron, and by that time it was easy to see that the battle for France was lost. It never occurred to me that France would make peace while the English were still fighting. The problem, it seemed to me, was to get all the fighting men and all the matériel we could to North Africa and to England to continue the war. Soon I found myself in the south of France, in the very city where the school for pilots which I had once commanded was situated. I present myself at the gate of the field—not even a sentry. The staff of the school has packed off, the enlisted men likewise. In the barracks I find twenty-one student aviators, kids of seventeen and eighteen, their training almost finished, who do not know quite what to do. They recognize me, even in my uniform of a sordid engineer. We embrace mutually. I say, 'Follow me, my children. We will fly again for France in the sky of England! All we lack is a means of transportation.' They are enraptured. All of them have revolvers, and we go out onto the highroad and commandeer a magnificent truck, in which we all proceed. After a while we stop at a café by the side of the road. The proprietor has turned on the T.S.F.—the radio, you know—and the speaker is saying that Reynaud has resigned. From his tone we get the sensation that a surrender is imminent. We have not much time."

THE Colonel stopped and lit a new cigar. "It sounds insane when you tell about it now," he said, "but it was like that the last few days. All over France there were groups of men like us, who wanted to continue fighting but did not know exactly how. The administration of the Army did not exist. Certain vital officers had disappeared; without them neither superiors nor subordinates could function. It was as if



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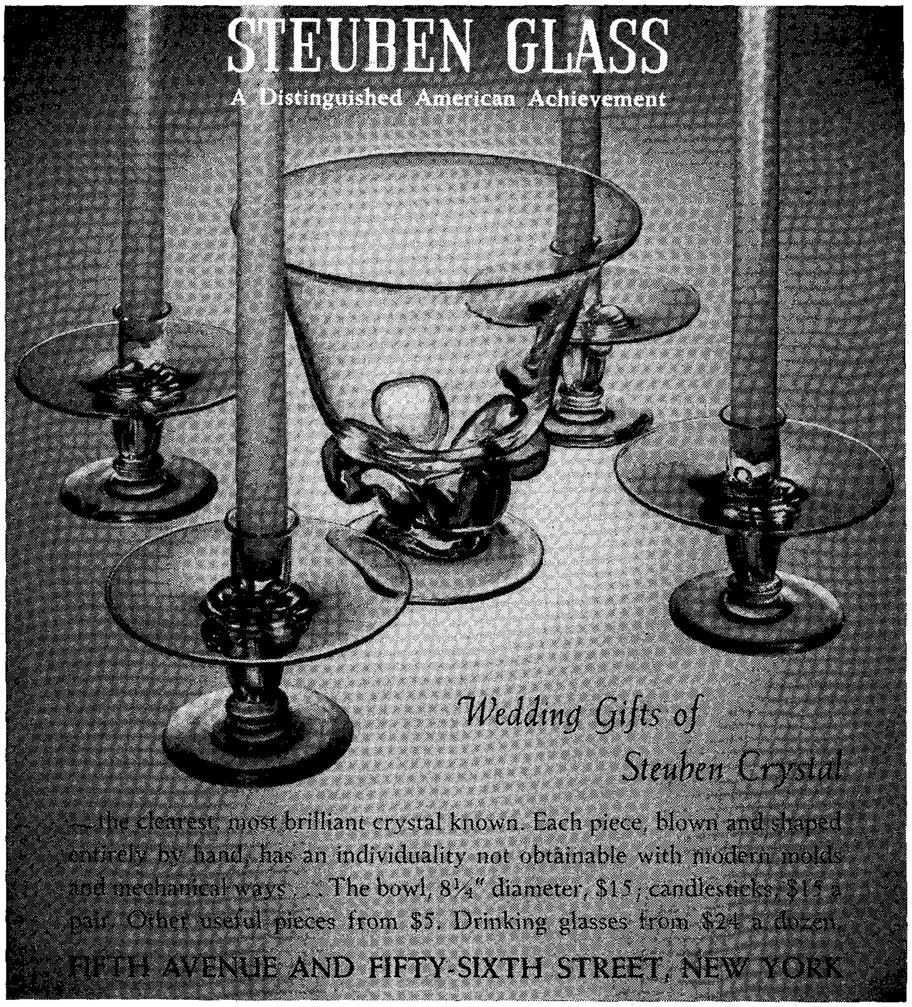
you pull just a few important screws out of a machine; it throws the whole thing out of balance and the machine racks itself to bits. And yet life in some ways seemed normal. There was no trace of enemy action in the country around us. You could still go into a country hotel and order a whacking good dinner and get it, with the best wines in the world, for the same price as before the offensive started. In the south you could even buy all the gas you wanted at the gas stations. I said to my boys, 'It's no use going to Bordeaux. The city is stuffed with civilians trying to get out. It will surely be bombarded, and also those blackguards who will be in control now will try to hold all French troops in the city so they can hand them over to the Germans. Let's try one of the small ports further south.' So, the day before Pétain asked for the armistice, we arrived at Bayonne.

"Bayonne was like the rest of France —nobody knew what was going to happen next. People couldn't believe that it was so nearly over. They didn't feel they had been beaten. They hadn't even seen any part of the war. The *sous-préfecture* was surrounded by foreigners who wanted exit visas so they could cross the Spanish border at Hendaye. The local people looked at the foreigners as if they were part of a show that did not concern Bayonne itself. In the drinking places around the port there were a lot of drunks, and they were very patriotic. They sang the 'Marseillaise' and 'God Save the King' endlessly, at the tops of their voices. And an armed trawler, one of those that the Navy used to chase submarines, came into port with forty German prisoners! A destroyer had sunk a German submarine and rescued her crew. She had transferred the Germans to the trawler. I think they were the last German prisoners taken before the armistice. The trawler tied up and debarked the prisoners. A crowd gathered at the waterside and cheered like mad. One would have said, 'A triumph!' The Germans were landing as prisoners in a conquered country, but they didn't understand how bad it was with us. They looked frightened. And all around them on the streets were fellows from our Army looking for a way to get out of France, men who had lost their regiments and officers who had lost their men—here a group of eight from a tank regiment, there five Colonial gunners, there four *chasseurs à pied*.

"I had kept my twenty-one kids around me and when I had seen the trawler about to dock, I had said,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'Here's our chance. Look sharp,' and I led them down as close as we could get to the place where the sailors were going to put over the gangplank. As soon as the prisoners had marched down the plank, I walked onto the ship with my twenty-one types. I presented myself to the commander, a lieutenant from the Naval Reserve, and told him that the Germans might arrive in Bayonne any minute. 'In that case,' I said, 'we would all be had like rats. You must get out of port immediately.' And I explained to him that twenty-one trained aviators could not be allowed to fall into the hands of the enemy. He agreed to go and to carry us with him. Then I saw a detachment of seventy Polish soldiers on the pier. The officer in command of them shouted to me, 'Can we come aboard? We want to continue the war, but if these blackguards of Germans catch us, they will shoot us.' I waved to him to come on, and in a minute the seventy Poles are marching up the gangplank. That did not sit so well with the commander of the ship. He said to me, 'I said it was all right for you, but seventy Poles in addition to your fellows and the crew—it's a little crowded, you'll admit. After all, it is I who command here.' 'It is you who command the ship,' I said, 'but I am the senior officer in command of the combined forces, military, aeronautic, and naval. A colonel in the Army has a rank equivalent to the captain of a battleship.' I was glad then that I had thought to have the fourth and fifth stripes sewed on my uniform. There was not much time for argument. I had implanted with him the idea the Germans were in close proximity, so although he grumbled, he gave orders to cast off. We put to sea with the Poles on board as well as my kids. They all crowded the deck. As we went out of the harbor, people leaned out of the windows of their houses and waved to us, howling, '*Vive la France! Vive l'Angleterre!*' There was no chill in their eyes, the people of Bayonne. They did not feel beaten.

"But on the next day, while we were at sea, the ship's radio picked up Pétain's broadcast speech asking for an armistice. Word of it got about the ship. The crew were a bad lot. They began to demand that we return to port. 'It's finished,' they said. 'We're knocked out. What's the good of remaining out here to be torpedoed uselessly?' I went to talk to the commander. I could sense that he was wavering. He said that the radio operator, an outstanding example of a mug, had received a message from the Admiralty ordering all our ships back to French ports. 'It must have been a German-controlled station,' I told him. 'I am your superior officer and I order you to steer a course for Gibraltar.' He grumbled and was undecided. I went out of his cabin, got half a dozen of my boys, and arrested him. I locked him in his cabin, put a guard with a drawn revolver at the door, and went on deck. The sailors were furious, but the Poles, most of whom were armed, were on our side. A few of the sailors who opened their mouths the widest against us I ordered put into irons and locked into a species of storeroom. Some of the fellows in the crew were all right. One petty officer said he understood navigation. My types also had learned a bit of navigation, for blind flying. It's not exactly the same thing, but it helps. So there I was, an aviator in the uniform of a colonel of engineers, in command of a warship. The first time in history, perhaps."

THE Colonel paused, puffing at his cigar. "It was not a big ship," he said, "but it was really not bad. The pier at Bayonne, I forgot to tell you, had been covered with casks of wine and *eau-de-vie*, waiting for transport to England. The sailors, seeing they would have no chance to take any other provisions in port, had rolled twenty or so casks on board in the short time we were tied up. After we put to sea everybody was half asphyxiated constantly. We had a twelve-pounder, a one-pounder, six machine guns, and no end of depth charges. Once I was in control of the ship, I said to my boys, 'In international law, for all I know, we may now be pirates. There is no use standing on formalities. Whether we get to Gibraltar a few days earlier or later is not important. Let us hunt submarines while the depth charges hold out.' So we did for a few days, but we didn't find any. Perhaps a special technique is required. It would have been chic, all the same, a band of aviators to sink a submarine with depth bombs. It would have been a world's record. After a couple of days I let the commander out of his cabin to direct the navigation of the ship, but we always had one of my boys with him in case he should start to act suspiciously. 'No nonsense, old boy,' I used to tell him, 'or we shall make you a good little hole in the head.' The eighth day out, he said, 'We will be outside Gibraltar early this evening.' 'Good,' I said, and I ordered him down into his cabin again and locked him up. I didn't want any scenes.

"We approached Gibraltar in the

night. It was completely blacked out. Suddenly guns began to go off and shells to pass overhead. Lights appeared on shore, flashing on and off. They were signalling something or other, but since only the commander and the radio operator understood the signals and they were both stowed away, I didn't know how to answer. I ordered the engines stopped and after a while the fellows on shore stopped shooting. I concluded that I had done what they wanted. Presently a British destroyer headed out toward us and put out a motor launch. The launch came over and a young British officer climbed aboard. When he saw my uniform he was puzzled. He said, in English, 'Are you the captain of this ship?' I answered, in my very bad English, 'No, I am the colonel of the ship.' He said, 'It's quite irregular. Where is the captain?' I did not want to say, 'I have locked the captain in his cabin.' That would perhaps have seemed more irregular. I said, 'What difference is it where is the captain? I give you the ship freely. Take it.' He said, 'I can't do that. It isn't regular.' So we got a bottle of Scotch and sat down to discuss the affair. I said, 'It is a most useful ship, with a twelve-pounder, a one-pounder, and six machine guns. Take it.' He said, 'I quite appreciate that, sir, but you can't hand over a ship unless you're the captain.' I tried to explain myself. In my very bad English I shouted," and here the Colonel, proud at the memory, half stood up from his chair, like a man rising in his stirrups, and cried, in ringing tones and in English, " 'I am not za captain of zis ship, but I am her *master!*' " He sat down and smiled happily. " 'Oh,' he says to me," the Colonel continued, " 'you are the master? Well then, that's quite regular.' And they accepted the ship. The English are sidesplitting."

"And is the ship still in service?" I asked him.

"When I last heard of it a couple of months ago, it was," he said. "The British handed it over to Muselier eventually and it became part of the Free French Navy. It is good to know that the commander, when he realized what it was all about, joined the Free French Navy too, as an officer. He was a decent fellow. It desolated me to be so disagreeable to him." —A. J. LIEBLING

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Headline in the Washington Star*]

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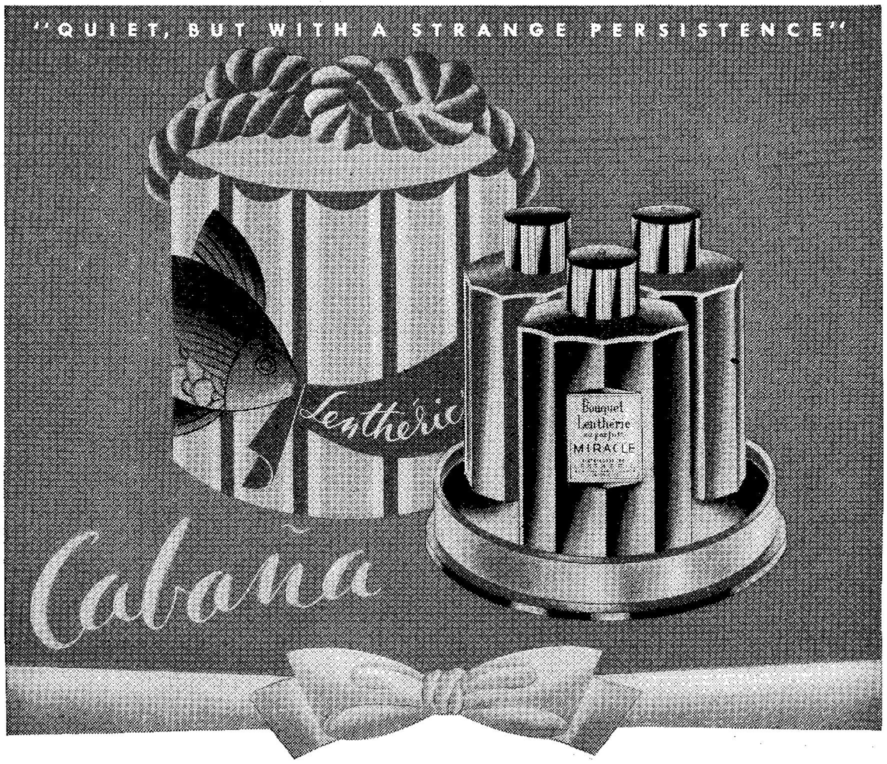

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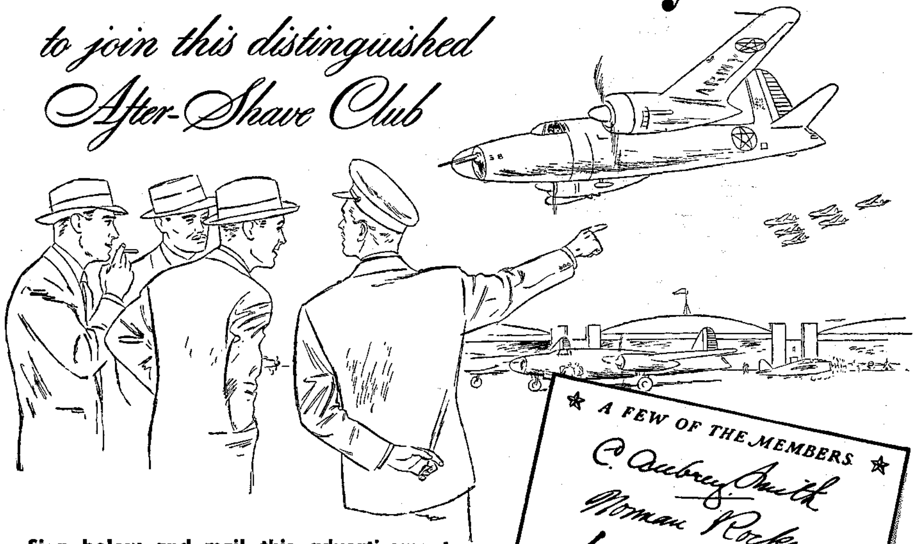

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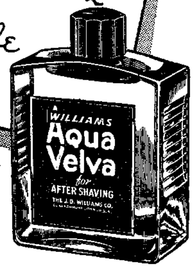

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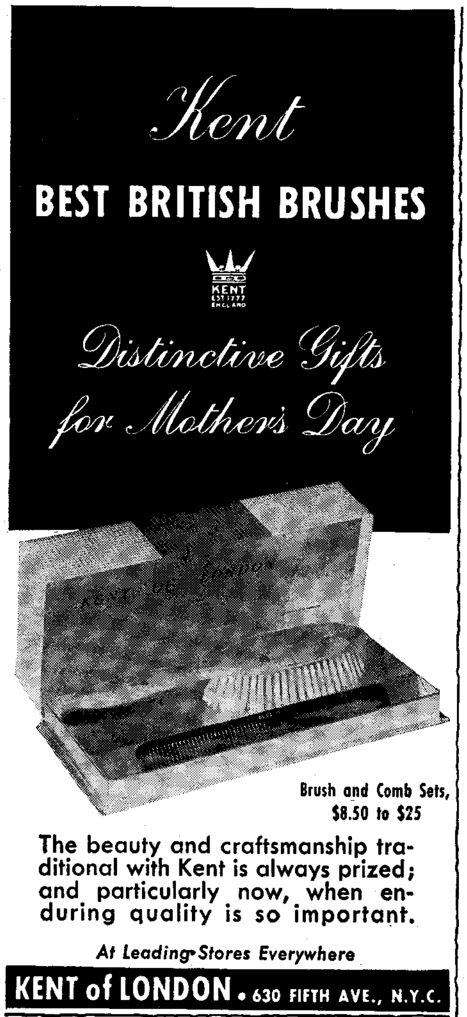

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THE RACE TRACK

Tips, Idle Tips

PRACTICALLY the only thing horseplayers have to fuss about this week is the Kentucky Derby. Being of a cheerful mind, I intend to leave to handicappers the sombre task of grading the runners. You might suppose that their task wouldn't be hard, as only about a dozen are likely to start, but such strange things happen in the horse business. My pet statistician informs me quite brazenly that any one of eight colts in the Derby can be made a real good thing on figures, provided you use the proper figures. It's little use, therefore, coming to me for advice, though if you must know, I fancy Devil Diver. This is taking a long chance, of course, because he kicked himself in his stall at Keeneland one night last week and cut a leg slightly. The serious part of the incident was that it disarranged his schedule of training. Should he go to the post, however, it will mean that he's fit again, in which case you can have Alsab (who probably will be favorite), Requested, Apache, Hollywood, and even With Regards. Note: This prophecy voids all previous ones I've made on the Derby.

ALTHOUGH Requested won the Wood Memorial Stakes at Jamaica last weekend, the hero of it was Bleu d'Or. He was away slowly and ran well back for more than half the distance; then, under Meade's best handling, came up on the inside with a spectacular burst of speed and just missed winning. I don't suppose he'll run for the Derby, because he came out of the race quite lame. Still, patching him up would be worth trying after such a performance. Requested's catch-me-if-you-can tactics worked as well in the Wood as they did last summer, when I thought that, among the two-year-olds, he was next best to Alsab. He's not a big colt and hasn't grown much since he won the Flamingo Stakes, so the mile and a quarter of the Derby plus the high weight he must carry may be beyond his powers. Nevertheless, he's game. Apache, I'm afraid, won't do. Just when he seemed on the point of passing Requested, he tired and was fortunate to finish third.

Also, in case you have a bit of superstition in you, you might be interested in knowing that the shoes Requested wore in the Wood and will wear in the Derby were the last made by Bill Mahaney, a famous race-track blacksmith, who died in Miami a month ago. A blacksmith's last plates are supposed to be lucky.

MAURICE FREED.

THERE'S really nothing to say about the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last week except that Shut Out, who won it, and Bless Me put up a good show. I'd rather tell you what Ed Bradley said in discussing his Bless Me: "He's not Derby class. I guess I'll have to wait a couple of years for one of Bimelech's colts to come along and win it." Bradley, as you may know, is going on eighty-three.

It seems to me that there's been entirely too little public cheering about Keeneland. My own shrill yips have been going up ever since I attended a meeting in Lexington seven years ago at which Price Headley and Louie Beard talked the town's businessmen and horse breeders into building the course. Its members modestly call it just a country race track, but it is rather more than that; it has the atmosphere Pimlico had twenty years ago.

Keeneland is the only track in America that hasn't a fence around it and where horses can watch the races nonprofessionally—the mares and foals in nearby fields can gallop down to the rails on the backstretch if they have a mind to. It is also the only course I've been at in years where the runners are something more to the spectators than a number on a tote ticket, and it is one of the two tracks in this country—the other is Saratoga—where horses are saddled in the open. I could go on indefinitely about the clubhouse, with its limestone walls three feet thick, its scores of murals of thoroughbreds, and its turf library, which Arnold Hanger gave to the racing association. All I shall say is that the Kentucky Derby should be run at Keeneland. Maybe then it wouldn't be the great American bean feast.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Mrs. Isabella Walker, Beau Daftheens Club president, and Mrs. C. W. Hall, secretary, will speak on "What Makes Our Club Unsuccessful" tonight at 6:30 at a club dinner in the Rossi Tearoom.
—*Elmira (N.Y.) Star Gazette.*

Now, everybody out for a big nonattendance.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Gabin in America

SHUFFLING through the dismal pages of my memoirs, I come occasionally on a bright moment. Such an exception to the general rule is the new film "Moontide," though actually a bright moment is scarcely the term to describe something so sombre, so close to the grim and unlit side of life. As the film is Jean Gabin's first Hollywood venture, refugees and a number, too, of plain American citizens will doubtless be curious to see how this French star survives the experience and what, if anything, life has done to him here. It would not seem that there have been drastic changes. There is a slight accent, very slight, in his English as he plays the part of one Bobo, a hanger-on of the docks and the bars along the Pacific Coast, and no miracle has happened through studio artifices to make him "collegiate," an *Esquire* model. He is still Gabin, not Gable.

Adapting the screen play from a Willard Robertson novel, John O'Hara has sustained a mood that is more solemn, more churchly, more spectral, than is characteristic of most of his own fiction. The pace is sedate, even though incidents may be violent and though we are concerned altogether with persons of primitive feeling. This vagrant Bobo, for all his drinking and roustabout existence, learns that he is tired of vagrancy when he rescues a suicidally minded waitress from the surf. Here we find Ida Lupino in another of her sad and silent rôles, haggard, starved, with a wish in her heart to look neat, however. The couple's love is mutual and precipitate, and they plan a future on a kind of houseboat fastened to a dock, where they can sell live bait. The wedding itself is held on this rather quaint and practical float, and somehow, from the first, I knew that the bride was bound to land in the box of live bait. To deposit her there requires a villain, which is just the thing for Thomas Mitchell. As at once buddy, betrayer, and blackmailer of Bobo, he becomes an extraordinarily graphic figure. That a happy ending is contrived and that the bride recuperates from her experience with the live bait has a touch

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Cork Dart Board, with darts	$7.50

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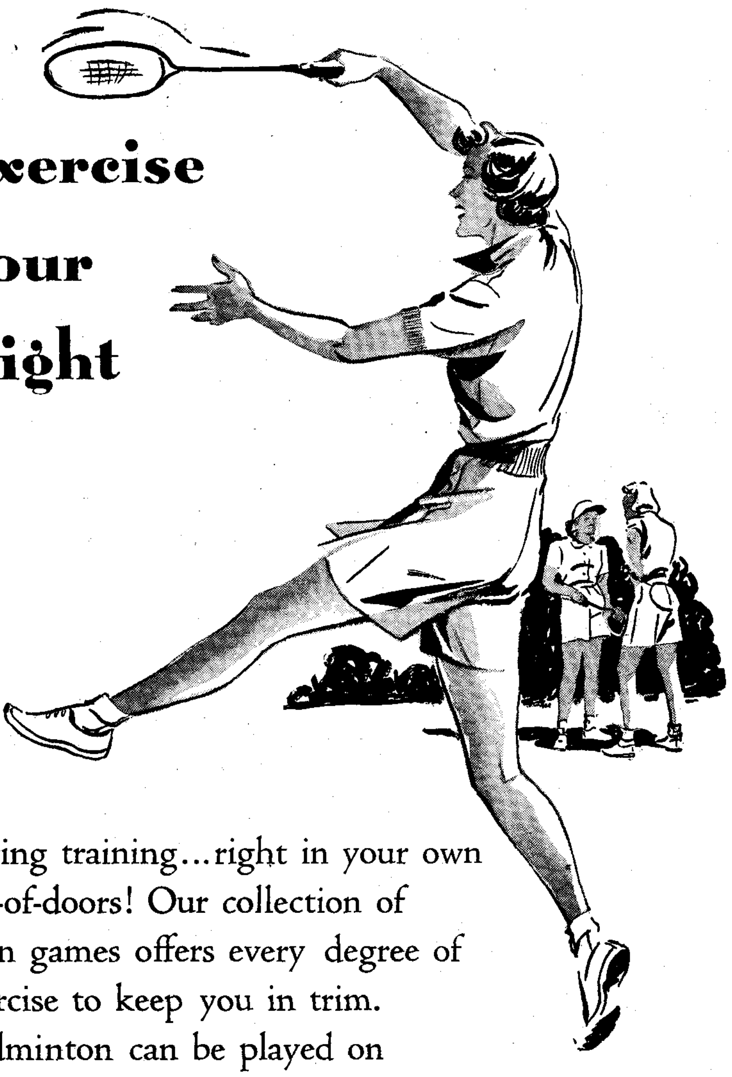

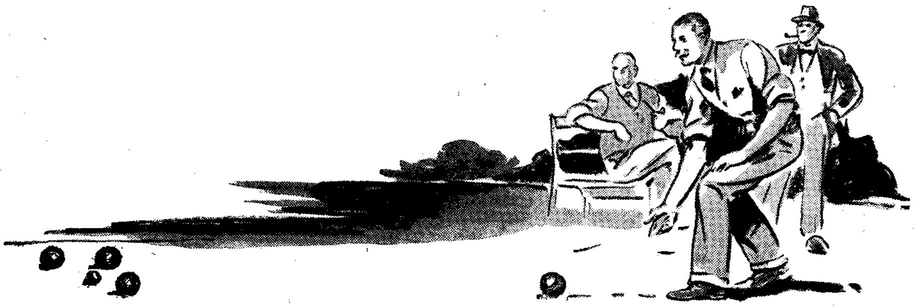

of the miraculous, as any triumph of virtue may.

INANITY reaches heights in Marlene Dietrich's "The Lady Is Willing," some nonsense about an actress who adopts a baby and marries a pediatrician (Fred MacMurray). A mastoid operation, just as the actress opens her show in Boston, builds up some kind of climax. The climax, however, seems minor compared with the collection of John-Frederics millinery displayed. . . . Another star who ought to know better has wasted his time in a trivial comedy called "The Tuttles of Tahiti." Charles Laughton wanders through this whimsicality of genial, friendly South Sea life in old white ducks and with an occasional sly glance to the side to indicate he is putting something over. . . . "The Great Man's Lady" permits Barbara Stanwyck to look a hundred years old, which must be fun for her. She can be young too, as when, in flashbacks, she recalls her eventful career on the plains. As the decades have gone on, she has become the legend, the mystery woman, in the life of a great man. Back to 1848 her memories go, and the silver era and the wild shooting days of old, and she doesn't leave out much of her history, not realizing that we have heard the same kind of thing often before. . . . Perhaps, for a minute at the very end, one discovers in "Twin Beds" some fraction of the life that made the farce famous years and years ago. You may get a giggle out of it then, but by that time your giggle may be nearer the maniacal laughter of the completely bored than anything else.

TWO minor thrillers help to relieve the gloom. In "Fingers at the Window" some nice axe murders will please the crime group. Lew Ayres makes an agreeable and sensible amateur detective, and Laraine Day a heroine so unperturbed with murder all about her as to seem somewhat witless. . . . Gene Tierney and Henry Fonda, in "Rings on her Fingers," find pure and beautiful love at last after an engrossing experience with swindlers and phonies who probably wouldn't stop at murder. I can't say that the young people actually looked any the wiser after their disillusioning adventures than they did before.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

WANT TO LOCATE LADY with culture and humor who can live with husband as brother.—*Adv. in Writer's Digest.*

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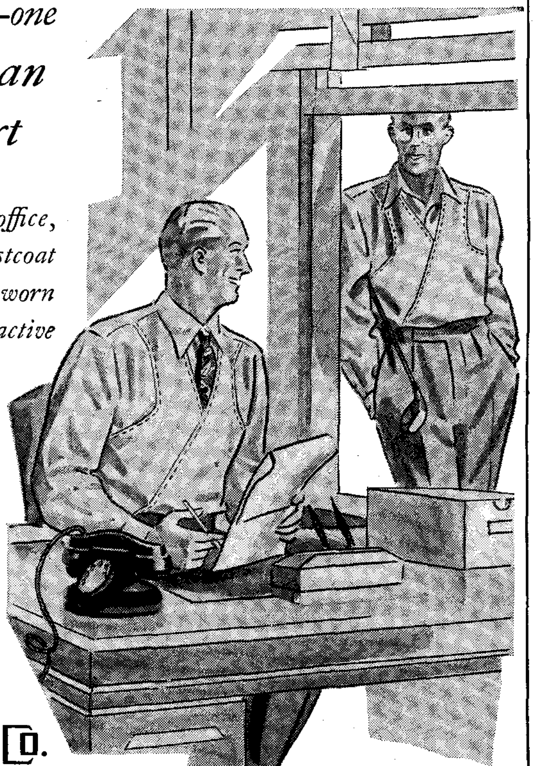

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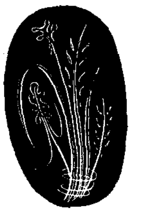
FAITH ENOUGH,

OR WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF WESTBROOK PEGLER CONVINCED FAITH BALDWIN OF THE SANCTITY OF THE RIGHT TO WORK

DURING the afternoon the sky over Palm Beach had been thrillingly cerulean. Now it was like dark-blue velvet and gaily star-dotted. ("You're going to Palm Beach?" Nadine Delamater's rich New York relatives had shrilled. "*Alone?* You must be insane! There are none of the right people there at present. They are all shooting wild turkeys in the Carolinas." But she had gone, nonetheless, and now she was glad.) She glanced with approval at the tall figure who was standing beside her in the moonlight, in the garden of the hotel. His shoulders were incredibly broad, his hips incredibly lean. He wore a proud mane of copper-colored hair and he had strong, taut jaws.

"Are you angry with me, Nadine?" he groped. "Are you disillusioned to learn that I am a labor leader?"

"Dear, sensitive Jeffrey!" she murmured, running her hands through his hair. "Of course not! When you proffered your dinner invitation for tonight, having seen me alone in the foyer, I will confess that my first impulse was to decline. One does not dine with strange men in my—how shall I say it?—my stratum. And then I said to myself, 'I will accept. After all, I came to Palm Beach to defy the barriers of caste that have always been repugnant to me. What does it matter if he *is* the president of the Amalgamated and Affiliated Scotch Tape Winders International?' "



"You knew?" he accused her tenderly. "And it made no difference?"

She sat down on a marble bench and motioned him to sit beside her. With thoughtful fingers she smoothed her costly frock. "It was of no consequence," she blushed.

"You are an angel," he enthused. "Sitting there in that dress, you are like the pictures a fellow sees in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I love you, Nadine." And he added soberly, "We will be married in the spring."

"Yes," she concurred passionately, "and we will be together always. I do not care *how* poor you are, Jeffrey."

Jeffrey Gayforth stared at her uncomprehendingly and then laughed a warm, male chuckle. "But, Nadine," he revealed gently, "I am not poor. As president of my union, I receive a competence."

She turned as white as the camellias on her shoulder. "Jeffrey," she murmured palely, "you are not one of those fiends who take money from the union treasuries and keep it in a separate account under their own name?"

His mouth stiffened grimly. "Those scoundrels!" he cried. "No, dear, I am not one of them! How could you believe such a thing of me?"

"I still do not understand," she trembled. "You yourself say you are not poor."

He took her slim white hands in his virile brown ones and expatiated eagerly. "I live on a budget, dear, and each month I deposit a portion of my salary in a reliable savings bank."

She stilled his words with a kiss. "How you must hate me for my silly fears!" she whispered.

"As if I could *ever* hate you, Nadine!" he reproached her. "Don't forget that we are affianced and that together we must strive to make those *other* union leaders live up to *our* standards!"

He crushed her to him in the moonlight as the calm waters of the lagoon glinted like a million sequins and the palms moved languidly in the evening air.

—JAMES REID PARKER

• •

SNAKE

The vulnerable and patient snake,
earth-clinging as the grass,
beside the cooling granite waits
for the fury to pass.

He sees the ferns grow huge as hills,
battling high for breath;
sloths that the sabred tiger fells,
mastodons in death.

Sees earth grow red and loud at last,
then quiet, as when young.
Cool and patient, he turns and tests
Eden with his tongue.

—JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

EVERY once in a while I let fly a benign statement to the effect that women are nice people, really, when you get to know them. The consequences of such statements are always dire. Women seemingly become so puffed up with this praise that they rush right out and do something unaesthetic or idiotic. The latest aberration to tear down my contention that women have taste and sense has been the advent of slacks on city streets, miles from either factories or beaches.

This emphatically must stop. I have spoken. There isn't one woman in two hundred who looks as well in slacks as in skirts, the conformation of the sex being what it is; there isn't one job in fifty that can't be done with equal decency and greater comfort in skirts. And for that fifty-first job, a coverall like a mechanic's is handier, cooler, and more efficient than pants and a sweater.

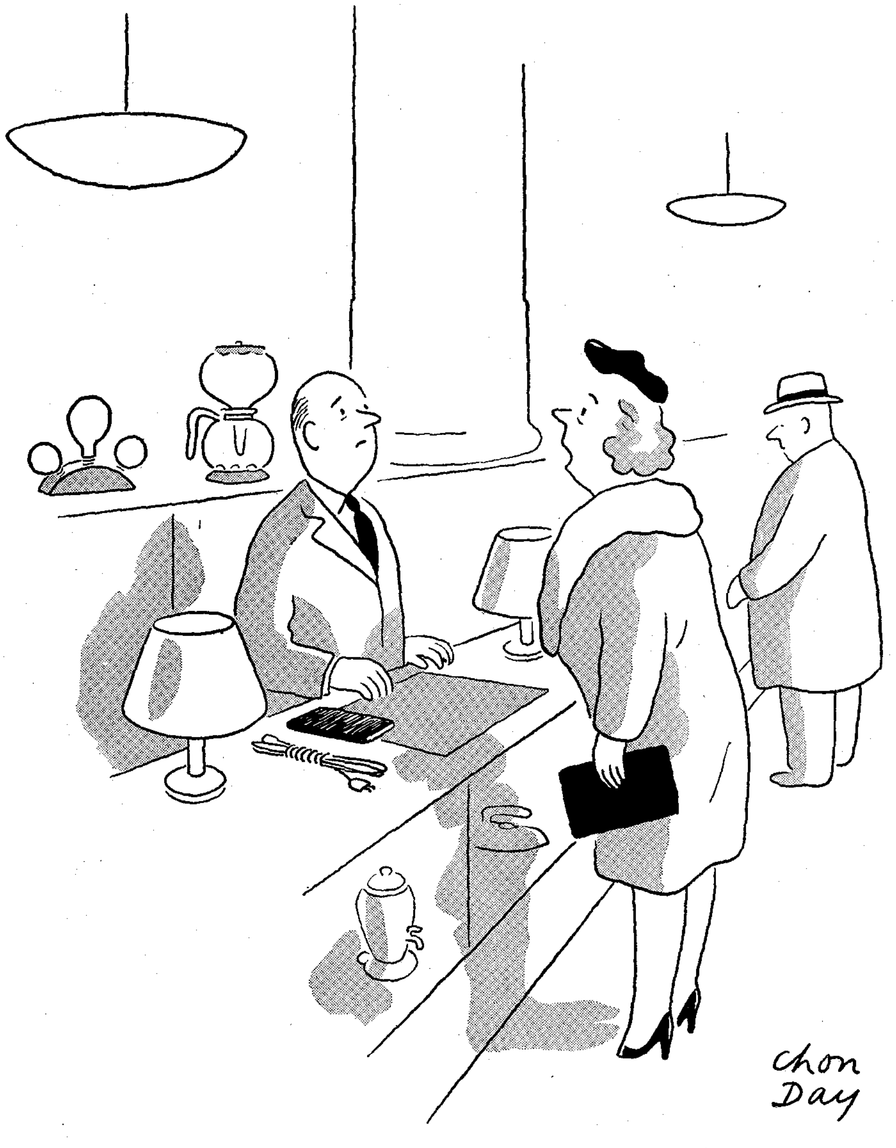
To begin with, I think it can be safely stated that the male figure, particularly in back, is more adapted to the wearing of pants than the female one. Even so, men have the good sense to wear jackets, cut below the line of their almost nonexistent hips and covering the place where they sit down. If you knit them a sweater, they usually don't tuck it in at the waist, and you can never get it long enough to please them. The soldier's tunic and MacArthur's bush jacket look well as you view them going away. On the other hand, women, though less favored structurally by Nature, insist on tucking in their shirts and buying waist-length sweaters, and seem to take masochistic pleasure in being seen (and even photographed) from the rear. It passes my understanding.

Another thing, and one that isn't often admitted, is the fact that women are the messier sex. They will preen like anything to look sweet and dainty when they dress up, but wave the word "casual" or "lounging" at them and too many tend to become—well, slack. After donning pants to sprawl in, they skimp on fittings and on tailors' and cleaners' bills. The old red wrapper that symbolized sloppiness in earlier generations has merely changed its guise.

To be sure, you'll see women in Hollywood and a few rangy, long-legged, tailored types in the East who look very fine in slacks suits, but you'll notice that the things they wear are tailored to the hilt. The Hollywood women, of course, are movie people, who have to keep as slim as willow wands, with the result that they don't bulge enough to spoil that straight line down the hips which pants should have. They wear jackets as carefully tailored as those of their best tailleurs, they prefer jackets that are longish, and, despite their naturally exceptional figures (which have been improved by diet and massage), the bill usually comes from a custom tailor. My spies have never yet seen Miss Katharine Hepburn within shouting distance of a rack filled with slacks costing $2.98.

As I have suggested, it is a possibility that this rush to slacks is an affectation which is supposed to denote earnest concentration on the war effort. If this is the case, I would like to point out two facts: (1) It is not unpatriotic for a first-aider to carry her slacks under her arm and put them on *after* she reaches her class in artificial respiration. (2) The girls I know who work in war industries can't wait to shed their coveralls—not slacks—at the end of the day and get into the daintiest dress they own. They scrub occupational grease from their persons and substitute perfume. Their best dress may cost only $4.98, but they could give lessons in style to many genteel lady shoppers who are wearing slacks which cost exactly the same.

MY main point about slacks, as you may have gathered, is that they should not be seen on city streets, but while I'm on the subject I might also point out that they are in the minority even when it comes to country play clothes in the Brigance collection of such things at Lord & Taylor, where ensembles range from $22.95 to $35. Here skimpy, plain shorts, without a quar-



"Are your toasters thawed out yet?"

ter of an inch of leeway anywhere, lurk beneath slim, circular play skirts or very full short ones. One-piece dresses that can go bathing are made of cotton shantung in a green-and-white scroll print and have a wide band of eyelet embroidery set in through their waistlines—one of Brigance's favorite novelties this year. You'll see ingenious wrap-around dresses, like one with a plain skirt and a plaid jumper-length top whose sleeves are short and circular and have ball fringe edging the bottoms; this trimming, too, is a new note. Another dress of the same type has a skirt made of that same green-and-white-scrolled shantung and a top of embroidered white shantung.

When shorts and slacks do appear, they are perfectly straight and tubular (*please* demand a rear-vision mirror when you try them on!) and often go with blouses that are wide at the shoulders or full through the bodice to make the hips look narrower. A blouse in a brown rayon-crêpe print of black polka dots surrounded by white circles has bell sleeves, and the soft fullness projecting forward at each side of its V neck makes the black linen slacks that go with it seem positively snake-hipped. Incidentally, this is one of the best-looking slacks-shirt combinations I have seen in many a year. It comes with shorts, too. One Mexican blouse has a shawl front, cape sleeves ending above the elbows, a very full back, and a wide leather belt; it is to be worn over shorts, over slacks, or with a skirt made of a plumed-serpent print.

Mexican and Guatemalan influences rage throughout the collection. Plaid cottons turn up in combinations like violet and geranium; there are serpentine prints in oranges and yellows, as well as combinations of royal blue, tortoise tan, and white. Embroidered white shantung makes a heavenly blouse above a pair of pin-striped black piqué shorts. Bathing suits of scroll-printed shantung are cut like the *pareos* the natives wear in Acapulco—a brassière to which is attached an oddly shaped piece of fabric that comes down the front, goes between the legs, ascends to the waist in back, then splits and ties across the front like the most diminutive wrap-around possible. These are $8.95. A play skirt cut, so they tell me, like the ones women bullfighters wear is made of beige linen lined with red cotton. It wraps around the waist and is full where it fastens on one hip. There are even adaptations of those heelless bullfighter shoes, built up inside so that you don't actually walk flat-footed. Throughout the col-

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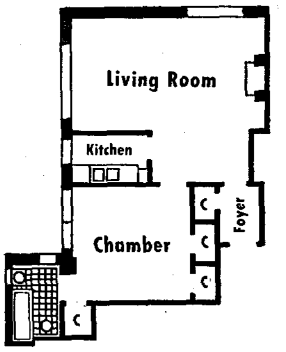

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lection, you see, there is bright color and prankish imagination.

THERE will be nothing sloppy about the summer scene if Macy's has its way, either. The accessories on the first floor here put femininity high on a flower-bedecked pedestal. There are earrings of artificial flowers, such as giant bachelor's-buttons, apple blossoms, and daisies. Combs sprouting great sprays of blooms perch behind your pompadour. They have either grosgrain ribbons trailing demurely in back or a bit of soft veiling dotted with ingratiating tidbits—daisies, poppies, cornflowers, and the like; they cost from $2.77 to $4.64 and are jaunty substitutes for the type of silly and inconsequential hat that makes the onlooker laugh and feel superior. The Little Shop harbors grandmother caps made of chenille in a lacy mesh, which ruffles across the top of your head and down the back.

To prove that movie comedians can't laugh a fashion out of existence, Macy has established a Snood Bar on the second floor. The snoods here usually have flippant grosgrain bows perched in front and anchored by a comb. As for the snoods themselves, they may be of traditional crocheted fabric or of wide mesh in, say, navy wool with tiny grosgrain knots here and there in plain navy or in many colors. There are other mesh snoods, made of red silk cord, that have tiny sea shells tied on them with bright-green wool. The whole lot are Different, as the saying is in the trade, and the top price is $4.69.

Back in the Little Shop, look at blouses made of pure tie silk with black figures on a chartreuse or Shocking-pink ground, and at pink-and-white striped cotton blouses with rickrack down their prim, pleated shirt fronts. If you want to feel like Zaza, there are some box handbags in a striped black-and-white rayon taffeta, with huge gantlet gloves to match. This type of handbag, which may be slung from the shoulder, also appears in pastel satins and in dark failles. It's a honey. Travellers should note that the Little Shop still has a supply of English kit handbags at $15.49—the classic shape with leather tops, matter-of-fact brass locks, and—as a surprise—plaid wool sides. There are scarves to match, too, large enough to be converted into turbans. —L. L.

•

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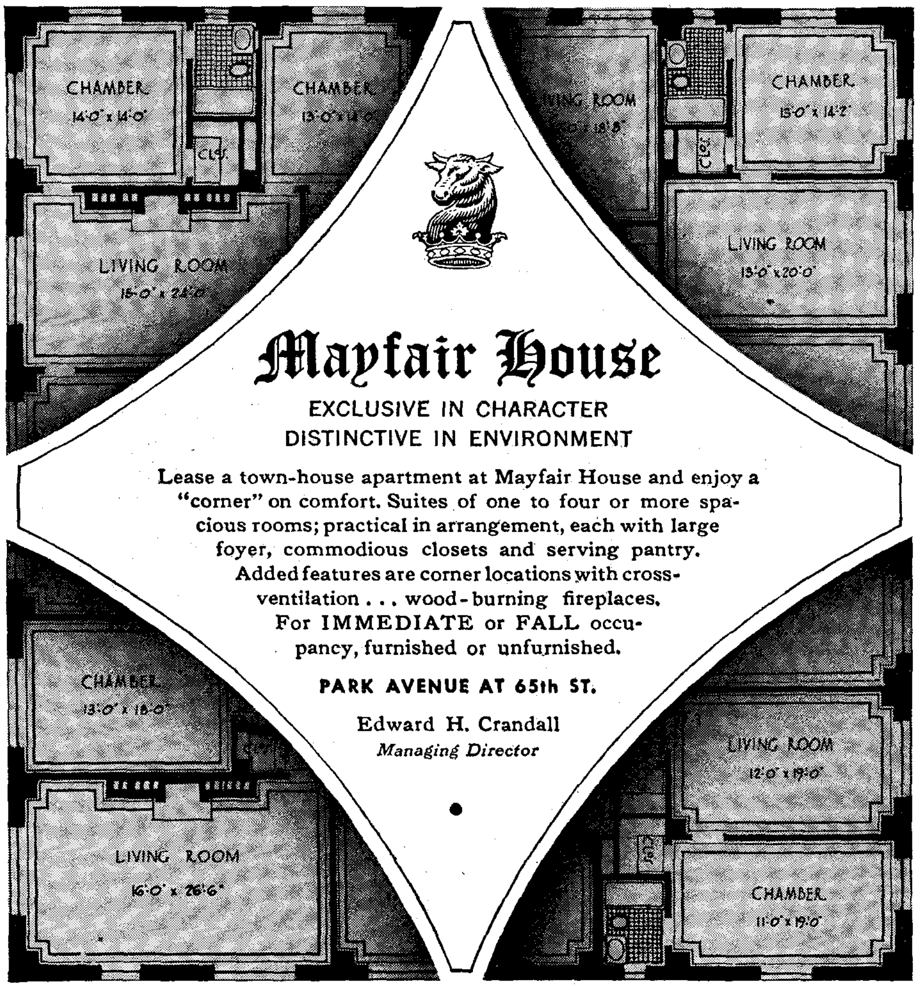

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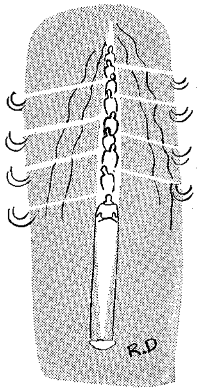
NOTES ON SPORTS

Helping Hand—Early Omen

LAST week at the Penn Relays, Don Burnham of Dartmouth performed an impressive uphill climb. This is actually a poetic fancy, since the track at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, is just as level as you or I, but the point is that Burnham, in the four-mile-medley, the four-mile, and the two-mile relays, running Dartmouth's anchor leg in each, came in third, then second, and finally first. He was assisted along the road to success by Campbell Kane of Indiana, who raced against him in all of these events, and who ran as though he had been asked by some relative of Burnham's to keep an eye on the boy and see that he made as good a showing as possible.



In the anchor leg of the four-mile medley on Friday, these two, plus Leslie MacMitchell of N.Y.U., who had started some eighteen yards behind them, came around the last turn with Burnham a shade in front, MacMitchell second, and Kane just behind. Then, in the stretch, MacMitchell passed Burnham, and Kane, as though deciding that his protégé was licked anyway, passed them both and won. The next day, in the straight four-mile event, the same three met in the last leg, but this time Kane started with a lead of fifty yards over Burnham, with MacMitchell two hundred yards behind and out of the running. Kane ran this mile as though he were on his way home with a bad report card, and Burnham came within three feet of catching him at the tape. Later the same day, in the anchor half-mile of the two-mile race, Kane and Burnham came down the stretch nose and nose, well out in front of the rest of the field, until Kane suddenly seemed to remember his obligations. He came to a grinding stop just at the finish, and Burnham won by four yards.

The above saga is supposed to prove that this department is a very tough baby to hoodwink, but it may simply mean that if a couple of evenly matched runners race each other often enough, neither one will win all the time. Another cousinly gesture, and a somewhat more elaborate one, was made by Charlie Williams of Georgetown in the mile relay. He twisted his ankle first and then, instead of passing the baton directly to a teammate, he started to hand it to some other fellow whom nobody saw but Williams, at the same time handing the race to Colgate.

THE Harvard crew, coming out for a sprint on the Charles last Saturday, was something like the groundhog on the second of February. The nation, or at least that trenchant part of the nation which is interested in rowing at Harvard, was waiting for its appearance to pick up some hint of the prospects for the coming season. The hint it got was a broad one and indicated that all would be tolerably well, for Harvard beat Cornell at the Henley distance of a mile and five-sixteenths and looked as though it could have done better over a longer course. The boys were still comparatively fresh when they passed Cornell in the last hundred yards, and were increasing their lead at the end. Also somewhere in their wake were Syracuse, M.I.T., and Boston University, all of whom were trying to take the Rowe Cup away from Harvard, which is like taking candy from a baby wolverine. Meanwhile, Navy was having a surprisingly easy time with Columbia, leading all the way over the mile and three-quarters of the Severn River course. Harvard and Navy will meet on May 16th in the Adams Cup regatta. I will pick the winner on or about May 17th.

DEFENDING his championship in the United States Chess Federation Tournament at the Hotel Astor, Samuel Reshevsky (no kin to Forrest Evashevski, the former Michigan blocking back) was tied in one of his matches on account of a foul he committed because of a shortage of time. This shows that even a chess player feels rushed in these feverish days and becomes heedless and scatterbrained. Another chess expert, Reuben Fine, is courting suicide by taking on a hundred opponents at once in Washington. The strangest part of the contest is that anyone who beats him gets a copy of a book on chess by Reuben Fine. Maybe the lucky winners will be asked to do a little rewriting.

—DAVID LARDNER

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From an article in True Detective*]

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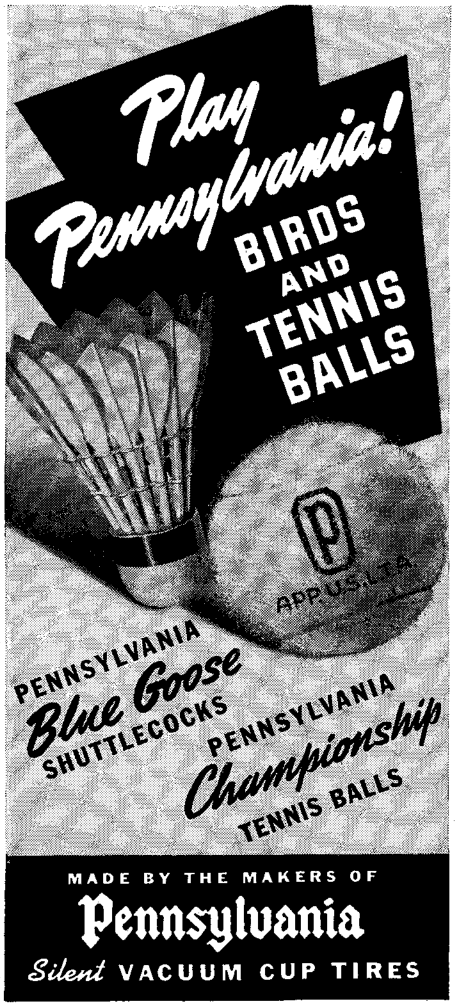

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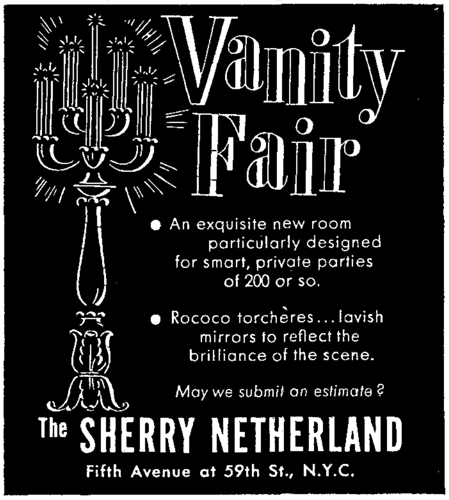
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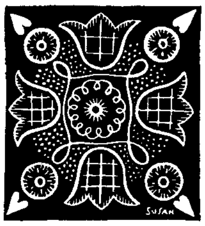
THE ARMY LIFE

XVI—MANEUVERS

ONE activity peculiar to the trade of soldiering is sleeping out of doors, usually on the ground. Until I got to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, some weeks ago, I had never spent a whole night out in the Army, though I had enjoyed the experience as a small boy in summer camps. Soldiers sleep out of doors, of course, mainly when in battle. They also do it when they are on maneuvers, usually slumbering in pairs underneath collapsible little shelters known as pup tents. I was supposed to have gone on maneuvers as soon as I arrived at Bragg, but plans were changed, as they frequently are in the Army, and I participated in them—and thus slept out—for only one night. It was without a doubt the coldest night in modern history, and why I did not freeze to death I was not at the time able to understand.

My status when I reached Bragg was curious. With some thousand-odd other infantry replacements who had arrived at the same time from Camp Croft, where I had spent my first fifteen weeks in the Army, I was assigned to something called the Ninth Infantry Division Replacement Training Battalion (Provisional), the accent being, somewhat discouragingly, on the parenthetical qualification. We had expected to join the Ninth Infantry Division, a larger, less hazy outfit, but it was out on maneuvers when we arrived, and in its absence nobody quite knew what to do with us. One of the noncoms who had turned up from somewhere to shepherd us had even said to a group of us once, "You men are only here physically. On paper, you're out in the maneuver area." Our physical beings were startled at noon the next day, after a twelve-mile morning hike that might have been provisional but was still twelve miles long, when the same noncom, a man with a gift for turning an unexpected phrase, informed us crisply that until further notice we were confined to our company area, because we were about to see action in the war. It developed in a moment that he was speaking about a maneuver war that was being waged between some Reds and some Blues.



Sure enough, a few hours later we were all given natty blue ribbons to tie to our shoulders, and—since the Ninth Division had taken all its belongings away with it—small wooden sticks with the word "rifle" neatly stencilled on them. We were told that later in the day we would repair to a nearby airport, which was being used as a base of operations by the Blue side during the maneuvers. Our assignment was to protect the field from an attack by parachute troops. We were to remain there from six in the evening until seven the next morning, taking turns standing guard and, when we were off duty, sleeping on the ground, without tents.

SHORTLY before six o'clock that evening we set out for the airfield, wearing all the clothes we could put on and, with blankets and raincoats tied to the wooden sticks over our shoulders, looking on the whole like well-dressed tramps. The squad I was put in took up a position just inside a wire fence in an area that some workmen had been clearing. They had been chopping down trees and excavating around the roots, leaving the stumps in craters for the time being. As it grew dark, the stumps took on the appearance of men half concealed in foxholes. Our squad's mission was explained to us by our sergeant. We were to defend a gate in the fence against any parachutists who might land near us and attempt to seize it. We were advised, however, not to tangle too closely with the chutists, who, perhaps because of the dangerous nature of their work, would be inclined to knock the teeth out of any enemy they encountered, even in practice. "Keep fifty feet clear of them," the sergeant said. "They are tough babies and do not like you dogfaces."

I was not detailed to go on guard until ten o'clock, so I prepared to go to bed, fully expecting to be suddenly awakened by a chutist landing on my head. Another dogface and I, in the interests of collective warmth, pooled our bedding—four blankets and two raincoats. We spread the raincoats on the ground, covered them with one blanket, covered that with ourselves, and pulled the remaining three blankets over us. We used pine boughs for a pillow. It was very cold, but after some rustling around we fell asleep. At ten, I was jostled by my squad leader, a conscientious fellow who remained awake throughout the entire night to arouse his men at the proper intervals. He led me, in pitch darkness, to another soldier, a complete stranger, with whom I was supposed to stand guard, and the three of us walked silently to a marshy spot some twenty yards away, where the squad leader left us abruptly. My companion, a tall, thin fellow who said he came from Nebraska, told me that he had worked on a farm, and then lapsed into silence. I didn't say anything much, either; the only sound we made for a while was the chattering of our teeth. We couldn't sit down, because the ground was too cold. We found that we couldn't even stand on the ground for long. Consequently, we climbed on a log and balanced there precariously, now and then jumping off to run on the spot in an undignified and unsuccessful attempt to get warm. At midnight, the squad leader loomed up out of the blackness and told us we could go back to what he euphemistically called bed. He guided us back to squad headquarters, carefully avoiding tree stumps and craters. I stopped in front of my blankets and was surprised to find that they were in use. The squad leader took me and my partner to another jumbled heap of bedding, explained that this spot had just been vacated by our successors on sentry duty, and ordered us to crawl in. We did so gratefully. The leader, a considerate man, tucked our feet in, arranged the pine boughs under our heads, placed our wooden rifles at our sides, and rushed off to a fire burning fitfully a hundred yards away and reserved for the use of leaders. The blankets were cozy and the two of us fell asleep in a little while, huddling up against each other despite our never having been formally introduced.

At four o'clock, our squad leader woke us up again and told us to return to the old stand. It was colder than ever. We headed obediently for our log and stepped up on it, but we had a hard time maintaining our balance, because we were still sleepy and shivering violently. Occasionally planes would take off a few hundred yards away and zoom low over our heads, but we judged them to be friendly ones and didn't even point our sticks at them. Only once did we have an opportunity to challenge anybody. At four forty-five, two shadowy figures appeared out of the gloom on the other side of the fence. "Halt!" I cried, with all the ferocity I could muster in the circumstances. They halted, obligingly enough, thus convincing me that they weren't parachutists. After a brief and ceremonious exchange of words they explained that they were radio men and had been dispatched to set up a radio on the fence. "Why?" my fellow-guard asked sus-

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piciously. "God knows why," one of them answered. We couldn't think of any reason why they shouldn't set up a radio on the fence and authorized them to proceed. For the next hour or so, though we couldn't see them, we could hear them fumbling at the fence and deploring the numbness of their fingers.

Our squad leader didn't come back at exactly six o'clock, when we were supposed to be through, and we resolved instantly that he was the most miserable, inconsiderate, dastardly, incompetent, malicious, outrageous, blundering, and idiotic squad leader the Army had ever known. We speculated on the awful punishment that would be his when a court-martial decreed that his negligence had caused our feet to be frozen beyond medical aid. We thought of going out to look for him, but finally decided against that because No. 5 of the General Orders of a guard states unequivocally that he must not quit his post until properly relieved. When our squad leader actually showed up with two men to relieve us, we berated him. This came as a surprise to him, since, as he quite accurately pointed out, he was only seven minutes late and would probably have arrived on time if he hadn't inadvertently fallen into a hole.

WE slept again for about three-quarters of an hour, and when we were awakened at seven there was frost on our hair. We learned then, to our disgust, that no enemy planes, much less parachutists, had even been sighted during the night. "Nice going, boys," said our sergeant. "You dogfaces scared 'em away." We all felt quite set up by that compliment. Reaching for our canteens to take a refreshing drink, we were astounded to discover that the water inside them was frozen solid, confirming our suspicions about the glacial character of the night we had somehow survived. Snivelling and shivering, we trudged back to the barracks, assuring ourselves resignedly that we would all shortly come down with pneumonia. (Actually, only one man in the company even caught a head cold, and he was a hardened noncom.) After a hot breakfast we had the rest of the morning off. Some of the boys went to sleep and some of us, feeling considerably better by then, wrote letters home, saying that this maneuver business was pretty soft after all and boy, could we take it.

—PVT. E. J. KAHN, JR.

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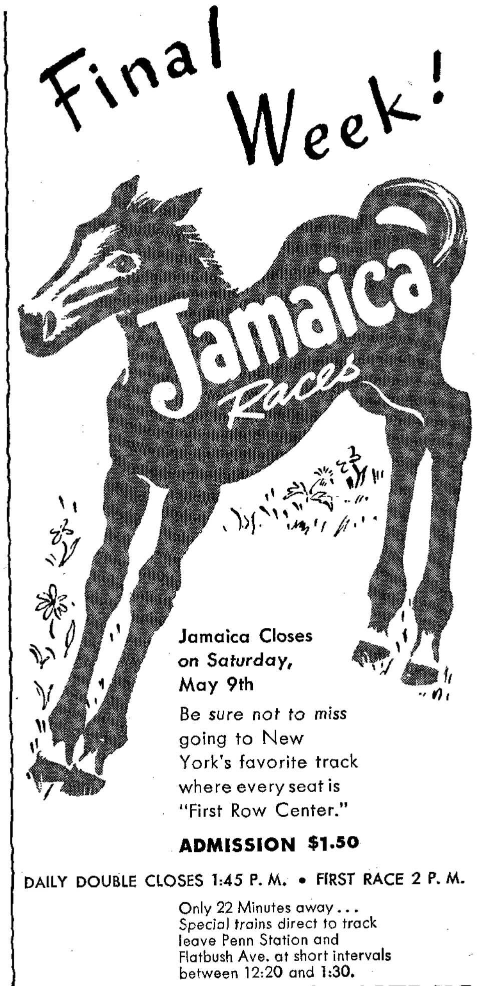
One day he heard Bolero's "Ravel" for the first time.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Well, it isn't played much.



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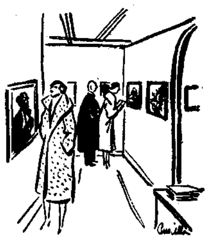
THE ART GALLERIES

Before and After Daguerre

WALKING through the big show of Flemish primitives at the Knoedler Galleries, and marvelling at the richness and beauty it contains, I was struck again by that riddle which always arises whenever I am confronted by the works of the great Northern painters. What was it that these men—Memling, Jan van Eyck, Petrus Christus, Dirk Bouts, and the others—had that the moderns don't have and that artists generally may never capture again? They had faith, first of all, and the advantage of living in a settled society. All their values were fixed; neither the divinity of their God nor the prerogatives of their temporal masters were open to question, and to one who believes, as I do, that the form of art is always determined by the form of society from which it springs, this fact alone is enough to account for the serene assurance, the sincerity, so pure and guileless that it seems almost naïve, which shines in their paintings.



Yet even this fails to clear up the matter completely. Their real charm lies in something deeper, and I think that whatever it is has to do with one of the basic problems of painting. The main thing which sets these artists apart from our contemporaries is a point so simple that it is almost childish to name it—their ability to combine deep feeling with completely literal expression. It is this that is lost to us, perhaps forever, and in the case of the moderns, at least, I can't help thinking that the camera is largely responsible. More and more, from the time of the Impressionists onward, the picturing of the visible world has been left to the camera; for one thing, it does the job better. More and more, in consequence, the artist has been forced to look beneath the surface for his material, and though this in the end may mean that wider and richer fields of interest will be opened to him—indeed, I am sure it will mean just that—it means too that the ancient functions of painting will be split apart irretrievably. Even now, to most artists "feeling" is one thing and "representation" another, and the two seem on the way to becoming mutually exclusive.

All of which, I'm afraid, may appear to be taking me further and further away from the Knoedler show. My point is, however, that the artists you will see there were troubled by no such considerations as bother the moderns. When Memling painted "Portrait of a Man" and Roger van der Weyden "A Lady of High Rank," no camera peered as a rival over their shoulders. They had peace and they had assurance, but, still more, the functions of their art were as fixed as their life was. Representation was frankly one of the aims of that art, and in their struggle to attain that it was Nature alone against which they competed; as a result, their work has a directness, simplicity, and ease that would be impossible to achieve today.

So it is throughout the exhibition, and from the little Dirk Bouts "Mourning Virgin" to the tiny, precise "St. Jerome in his Study" by Jan van Eyck, there is a mingling of piety and homely literalness, of surface realism and deep spirituality, that seems inimitable now. The Memling I mentioned, incidentally, is one of four paintings in the show that have never been exhibited anywhere before. The others are an "Allegory of Avarice" by Hieronymus Bosch, Dirk Bouts' "Virgin and Child," and a large "Death of the Virgin" by Petrus Christus, this last a superbly painted interior, strong in reds and unusually animated in composition. These works alone are enough to give special interest to the exhibition, but quite apart from that the collection has a richness which makes it unquestionably one of the most important of the season. It pictures a period which, artistically, will perhaps never have a counterpart.

MEANTIME the search for new expression goes on, and surrealism is one of its manifestations. We have two examples of this school to consider this week, Yves Tanguy at the Pierre Matisse and Pavel Tchelichew at the Julien Levy. I find I can't take the Tchelichew pieces too seriously. Wash drawings for the most part, they all feature "double-image" effects of one sort or another, and once one has traced the various heads, figures, and other forms concealed in the design, the interest of the pictures diminishes rapidly. Like most puzzles, they are fun to work out, though, and, as with all Tchelichew's work, the drawing is amazingly skillful and sensitive.

One of the irritating things about the

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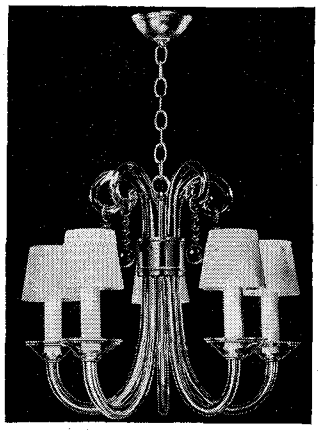

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French surrealists is their habit of taking one mood and one mode of painting and sticking to them endlessly. In Tanguy's case, I would welcome a change from those blue, horizonless plains, all alike in mood and only slightly differentiated in treatment, which he puts forth so tirelessly. Indeed, I think that a man with so pronounced a gift for color and poetic fancy almost owes it to himself and to us to exploit his capacities further. The gifts are there, however he uses them, and though, en masse, his paintings may tire one a little, each has its own muted, gently dreamlike evocativeness. I liked best his "La Pierre dans l'Arbre" and the "Deux Fois du Noir," the latter in particular for its bolder-than-usual contrasts and solid design.

At An American Place, they are showing new oils by Arthur Dove. Whatever you may think about abstractionism, there is one fact that stands out clearly. You can't fake it. You can't—if you're an artist, that is—even compromise, and there is nothing so sad as the so-called "semi-abstract" painter who, to brighten his design, or perhaps to conceal his shortcomings as a draftsman, adds a zigzag or two, or an angle where none is needed, to what would otherwise be conventional drawing. Arthur Dove, of course, is not so bad as all that, and there is certainly no questioning his sincerity, but the feeling of compromise still persists in his work, and it is a major weakness of his design.

The thing is that he doesn't pursue his simplifications far enough. Instead, he veers off toward a Kandinskyesque Futurism, which, though frequently startlingly explosive in effect, too often is thin underneath. Granting all that, he still has bold color, exuberance, and that unfailing impishness of his to fall back on, and for these qualities alone such pieces as his rugged "Deep Greens" and the vigorously patterned "Across the Road" are notable.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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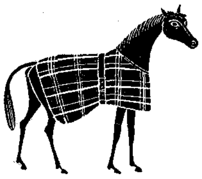
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Uniforms and Colors

WAR, it seems, can change the appearance of the Maryland Hunt Cup Steeplechase, but not the basic outlook of its most seasoned supporters. Last week, at the annual race, which was held as usual in Worthington Valley, near Baltimore, I noticed that the lady soloist who sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" to the accompaniment of a United States Army band seemed to have an exceptionally good voice, and later, in the paddock, I asked three old Maryland gentlemen who she was. "Oh, that," said one of them while the others nodded in agreement, "that's Mrs. Carle Jackson, daughter-in-law of the Mayor of Baltimore. I think she used to be on the stage." Further inquiry disclosed that on the stage the lady was known as Rosa Ponselle.



Then, when Stuart S. Janney, Jr., had won the race on his hunter, Winton, and the red truck of the Cockeysville Volunteer Fire Department, its vigil at the course over, could be heard lowing o'er the lea, I came across Louis Merryman, the Maryland squire whose long gray sideburns are reminiscent of John Bull cartoons. "I'm not at all surprised Janney won," he said. "Look, here are the names of half a dozen fellows who have ridden Maryland Cup winners and, like Janney, every one of them was a direct descendant of Ellen North, the first white child born in Baltimore." I won't bore you with the names of Ellen North's illustrious descendants except to point out that one was the late Jervis Spencer, Jr., who won the Cup five times and willed Winton to his nephew, young Janney.

As I was saying, though, there was also plenty of evidence of the war in Worthington Valley. Hundreds of men in naval and military uniforms were among the crowd that sprawled in picnic fashion about the course. One young flying officer was so happy at having got home by plane just in time to see the race that he bought the entire stock of a gardenia vender and presented a flower to every girl he knew. He seemed to know all the girls. Private Sidney Watters, Jr., who has been breaking in wild horses for the cavalry at Fort Reno, Oklahoma, also arrived by plane, and just in time to ride Mrs. Frank M. Gould's Hold Forth. He laughed when it was pointed out that, under National Steeplechase and Hunt Association rules, he might wear his uniform in the race if he wished. "I feel less conspicuous in colors," he said, referring to his jockey outfit of white jersey, cherry sash, cherry hoops on sleeves, and cherry cap. "Besides, that uniform is too heavy." Louis Merryman went around explaining to people, not too lucidly, that his eldest son, Louis, Jr., couldn't get to the race this year because he had joined the "Army jumpers." It turned out that the young man is a paratrooper.

WINTON, who got his name from Mrs. John J. Raskob's Eastern Shore farm, where he was foaled, is an exceptionally gentle horse, although the fact that his sire was Belli Casus might lead folk who believe in portents to expect otherwise. A medium-sized bay with a white spot on his forehead and two white hind feet, Winton is ridden sidesaddle by Mrs. Janney twice a week with the Green Spring Valley Hounds during the season. Jumping faultlessly, he covered the four-mile Cup course, with its twenty-two stiff fences, in 8:44⅘, less than a second behind Blockade's all-time record.

Nine started, only five finished, and it was one of the best Cup shows in years. At the first fence, Gerald B. Webb, Jr., editor of the *Middleburg Chronicle*, Virginia's horsy weekly, tumbled off Big Charley, but remounted to make an educational tour of the course in the interests of his readers. At the eighth fence, Fred Colwill, leading the field on Blockade, cut a flag. "It was my fault entirely," he said later. "I tried to jump too close to the flag and went outside it." He turned back to take the fence again but eventually found the situation so hopeless that he pulled up at the fifteenth. Janney finally won by a length from Johnny Bosley, on Rustic Romance, who headed Dick Hamilton, on Coq Noir, by half a length. It was Winton's seventh hunt race and seventh victory. "He'll be back next year," said Janney, "if there is a next year."

—T. O'R.

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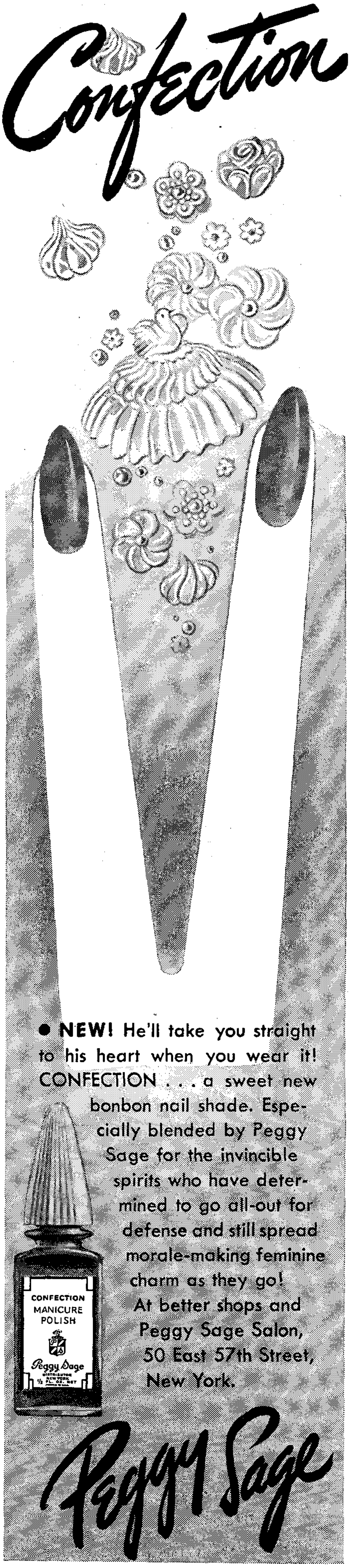
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BOOKS

Enter Gladys Schmitt—High Strategy

BOOKS RETURNED HERE

ONE'S first impression is that Gladys Schmitt's "The Gates of Aulis" is an extraordinary novel. One's second impression (or perhaps it is continuously superimposed upon the first) is that it is an extraordinarily irritating novel. Yet, no matter what frenzy of exasperation Miss Schmitt's characters may drive you into, she reveals herself as a considerable writer. She is annoying, but not because she lacks talent; rather, because she lacks the ability to prevent it from spilling over. Her talent, indeed, is too much for her theme, whose dimensions are less grandiose than she supposes. "The Gates of Aulis" is the first novel of an extremely sensitive and conscientious craftsman, deficient in humor, self-absorbed, intense, too much in love with the tragic. It is, to use a cant term that seems to have meaning for men, highly feminine. (A feminine novel is one in which the male characters are of such a nature that only a woman could have imagined them and only women can entirely understand them.)

The scene of "The Gates of Aulis" (the reference is to the sacrifice of Iphigenia to appease the wrath of Artemis) is an industrial city in Pennsylvania, the time the late thirties. Carl Hasselmann, a young sociologist, is a weak and pathetic theoretical revolutionary, distinguished from others of his type only by the excess of his sensibility. He is impelled to "love" the masses not out of any profound feeling for their tragic past or for their future rôle but because there is nothing in himself that he can love. He is a complainer, a prig, a half-man.

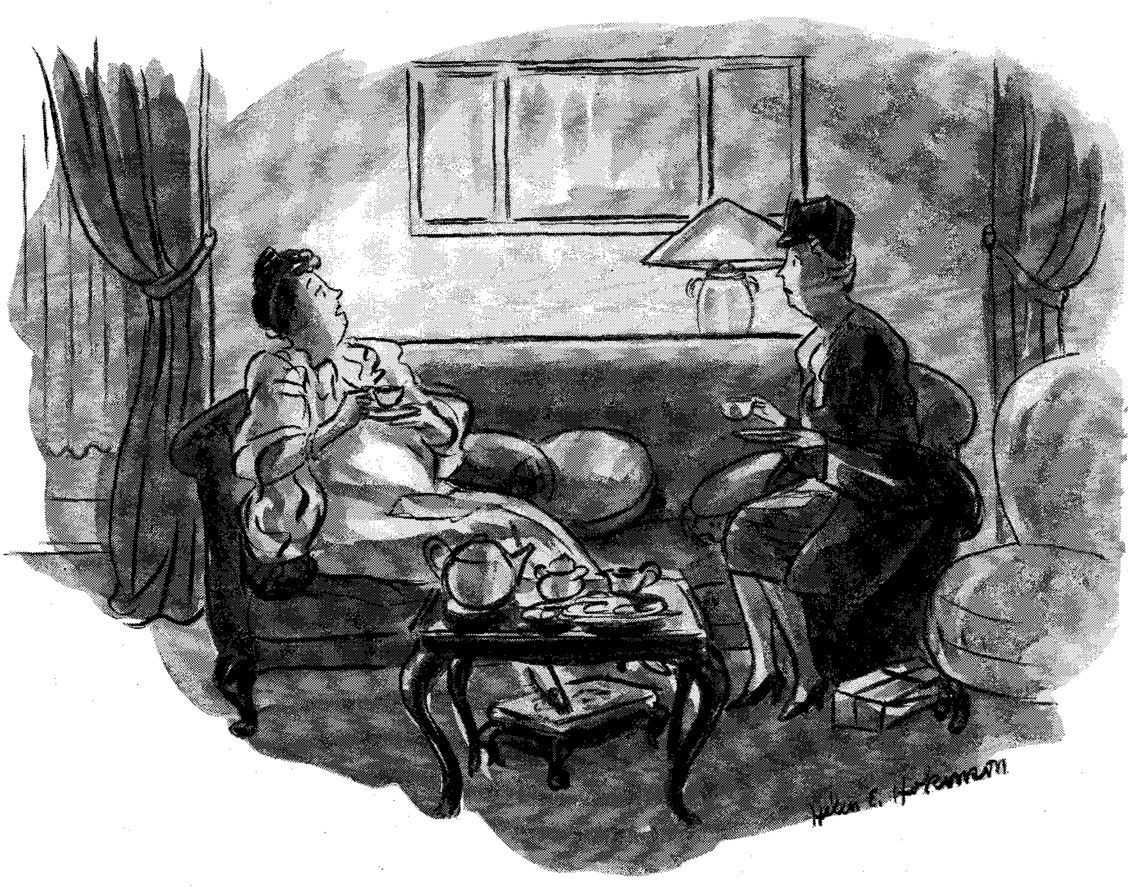
Between Carl and his sister Ellie exists a curious, not entirely healthy relationship, which the author exposes with the most delicate skill. Ellie is a painter, absorbed in the personal life, hating her brother's social obsessions. She too is an unstable personality, unable to put aside the memory of the death of her first lover, aching to drown herself in the lake of self-sacrifice.

Both Carl and Ellie—I suppose this is more or less the theme of the book—desire to annul their own flawed personalities by dedicating themselves to the service of someone more powerful. Carl finds his Aulis in Stephen Maurer, a social philosopher of satanic power and plausibility; Ellie finds hers in the somewhat withered embraces of Eugenie McVeagh, polished, elegant, and rich. Both young people are disillusioned: Maurer degenerates into a mouthing Fascist and the vampire quality of McVeagh's passion becomes clear even to Ellie, who is adept at self-deception.

All the characters are unhealthy; Carl's friends call themselves, as a group, *Les Misérables*. One gets the feeling that Miss Schmitt feels at home only among tortured minds, as El Greco felt at home only among distorted bodies. Everyone analyzes himself and everybody else endlessly (and often brilliantly) until all the personalities seem to drown in a feverish flood of introspection and criticism. The book abounds in long speeches, ranging from the frenzied to the truly dramatic; the love passages shiver with sensuality or itch with frustration; even the intellectual arguments are wild, excessive, and romantic.

On the book's jacket Whit Burnett calls Miss Schmitt "an American Proust." She reminds me more forcibly of Emily Brontë. But—here is the difference—her characters do not have the dimensions of the people of "Wuthering Heights." Their capacity for suffering is great, their yearning for self-sacrifice is intense, they are enormously articulate, but they are nevertheless petty. Carl is a whiner, Ellie an unbalanced little egotist in whose artistic genius one never fully believes, Maurer a demagogue with a gift for sensational theorizing, McVeagh a garrulous lecher. The interactions of these people, their thoughts, dreams, sentiments, recollections, are all described with astonishing intensity, but they themselves do not seem to add up to a world of any considerable proportions.

Still, the talent expended upon them is truly remarkable. It is so remarkable



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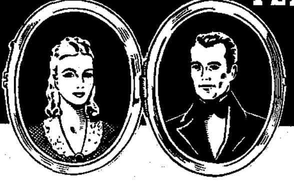

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that it infuses them with a transient vitality, like that of opera. Even when the characters themselves are merely irritating, Miss Schmitt's rich and cadenced prose offers certain compensations. She writes over-elaborately at times, but at least it *is* writing, it is the medium of an artist. Despite all its faults, I commend to you "The Gates of Aulis" and look forward eagerly to the author's future work.

FOLLOWING close upon the heels of Seversky's exciting—and possibly epochal—"Victory through Air Power" comes Alexander Kiralfy's "Victory in the Pacific," by all odds the most detailed and masterly account we have yet had of the nature of Japanese strategy and the means we must take to overcome it. Kiralfy and Seversky are the two American military writers who must be read. To this layman, at least, they seem to be the only ones whose vision is large enough to match the Hitlerian perspectives.

Kiralfy's argument is complex, close-knit, brilliant, and rests upon a detailed geographical analysis of the Pacific theatre of war. It cannot be adequately summarized. But here are a few of its salient conclusions:

We have lost in the Pacific so far because we wanted only peace, whereas the Japanese wanted war, at a certain time, in a certain area, under certain conditions, and made sure that things arranged themselves their way. We will keep on losing unless we alter our strategy, our mode of thinking, our time sense. We must consider the East not as a secondary front but as a second primary front. Since no mass offensive against Germany as yet exists in the West, Japan must be defeated (which means annihilated) first. To do this, we must think of victory as a business. This business consists of four stages, which Kiralfy calls preparation, platform building, diversion, and combat. He explains each in detail. On the other hand, pacifism, defense-mindedness, and war "morality" form the trilogy of defeat and must be abandoned *in toto.* Also to be abandoned is the notion that production will win the war. "It is," he says, "as bad to be too late with too much as with too little." That means we must attack now, with what we have, using makeshifts, ingenuity, and American brains to offset any deficiencies in equipment. Kiralfy is certain that we must attack Japan, Manchuria, and North China, with Tokio as the central objective. Vladivostok is our shield in the Pacific and the North Pacific is the key to victory. "Chi-

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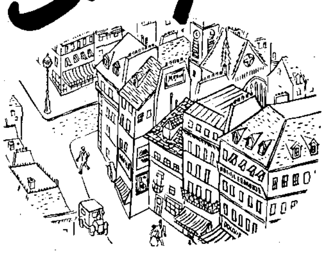

LEWIS GANNETT: "A beautiful and bawdy and emotional book. It made me chuckle and it made me gulp; more often it made me smile . . . At his best in this book, he is a masterful story-teller."
—*Herald Tribune*

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cago can be better protected in Hokkaido than in Colorado."

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"THE KILLER AND THE SLAIN," a posthumous Hugh Walpole novel, is in his sinister-psychopathic, rather than his hearty-historical, vein. Though the shiver value is not equal to that of his "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair," the book is in the same general mood, even to the curious obsession with the more refined forms of sadism. Someday somebody who knew Walpole well will explain the Jekyll-and-Hyde literary personality that enabled him to shuttle with ease from the healthy mediocrity of the "Rogue Herries" sort of thing to the definitely unhealthy murkiness of books like "The Killer and the Slain."

This one has to do with a Caspar Milquetoast who is driven to commit a murder and then finds himself harboring the soul and, to an extent, the body of the murderee. The development is rather labored and the whole story should have been compressed to half its length, but it is nonetheless fascinating in its own absurd way.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FLAMINGO ROAD, by Robert Wilder. A frank and feverish novel of Florida machine politics. A good-looking young fellow who seems likely to Go Far, an obscene fat man who runs the political show in the state, and various girls in sporting houses help to complicate the plot. Skillfully put together, with plenty of dramatic suspense and a forthright honesty not commonly found in novels of this sort.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND, by A. I. Bezzerides. The story of a man who just didn't care to work for anybody but himself. He wants a little piece of land to farm; while he waits for it, he lives with his family on relief or sponges off a friendly neighbor. As he is an affable chap with a guitar and a nice singing voice, the neighbor doesn't mind; as the gods occasionally love improvidence, he is finally rewarded with far more than his deserts. A pleasant book, with, one suspects, a hidden moral.

COME GENTLE SPRING, by Evelyn

INFORMATION FROM YOU
MR. FADIMAN
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Q. What three soul-searching books; one by a French flier; one by a French journalist; one by an R. A. F. pilot; did you read, review and recommend in *The New Yorker* recently?

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Q. Good—in fact perfect—but can you name the publishers of *Flight to Arras*, of *The Making of Tomorrow* and of *Falling Through Space?*

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Thank you, Mr. Fadiman!

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1940-1942

GALLATIN

PASSEDOIT GALLERY
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Bolster. A fifty-five-year-old Western farmer tries to recapture romance. He has worked hard all his life, has a couple of children he loves but doesn't understand, and is married to a shrew. Down the road is a cheerful little woman who never is bad-tempered or depressed or unfriendly. Miss Bolster writes with delicacy and insight. Her shrew is perhaps too relentlessly shrewish; otherwise her characters are real and their problems seem important.

AND NEVER YIELD, by Elinor Pryor. Life among the Latter-Day Saints in Missouri and Illinois during the eighteen-thirties and forties. The heroine is married to an earnest young Mormon who worships Joseph Smith. Together they live through massacre and the hardships of the frontier, which are made sharper by their neighbors' scorn and hatred of the Mormons. Ultimately the young wife finds that she must legally share her husband with another woman, a situation which the author handles with unusual credibility and tenderness.

GENERAL

THE FOE WE FACE, by Pierre J. Huss. The former International News Service head in Berlin, who left Germany in November, 1941, brings us more or less up to date on the troubles of the Nazi leaders, the German position in Italy, the 700-foot mausoleum Hitler plans to build for himself, and his ill-concealed fear of Mr. Roosevelt and America. A good deal of fresh material, perceptively written. All of the book has appeared in *Cosmopolitan*.

WHAT THE CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE AIR FORCES, by Lieutenant Colonel Harold E. Hartney; WHAT THE CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE ARMY ENGINEERS, by Lieutenant Colonel Paul W. Thompson; WHAT THE CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MODERN WAR, by Fletcher Pratt. The latest volumes in the generally excellent Citizen Series covering the armed services, and just about what you might expect from the titles. Lieutenant Colonel Hartney's book gives us an up-to-the-minute account of Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, and Civil Air Patrol aviation. Lieutenant Colonel Thompson surveys the Corps of Engineers, with special emphasis on new methods and equipment. Fletcher Pratt's invaluable contribution is in the form of a glossary of technical war terms. All three books are con-

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DRY SACK: World-famous sherry—pride of Williams and Humbert—perfectly balanced between sweet and dry.

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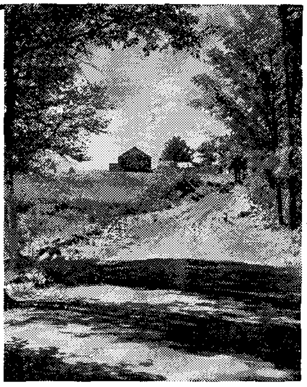

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SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER, "Gangway! This tin fish is giving me a Nantucket sleigh ride and I miss my wack of the Saturday night bottles aboard the bark **Wanderer.**"

WhalerBar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

cise, readable, and well edited, and all are illustrated.

ARMY FLYER, by Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold and Brigadier General Ira C. Eaker. A flying officer's primer from headquarters, in which the Commanding General and a Brigadier General of the Army Air Forces explain the duties and rewards of a pilot's career from flying cadet to air general. Pithy, sensible, and worth-while reading for civilians too. Very little overlapping with Lieutenant Colonel Hartney's book (see above). Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

CALAMITY TOWN, by Ellery Queen. Ellery Queen goes to a small town to write his new book, modestly assumes the name of Ellery Smith, and rents a house next door to the Wrights, who are socially prominent. The Wrights are a hectic lot, and Mr. Queen is an innocent bystander during a murder, a love affair, a trial, and a death that makes a happy ending. Gossipy, engrossing story, professionally written.

HAUNTED LADY, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Nurse Hilda Adams, known to Inspector Fuller as Miss Pinkerton, is called in to watch over old Mrs. Fairbanks, who claims that she sees bats and rats in her room at night. A murderer catches Miss Pinkerton off guard and her patient dies. A haphazard story, with a weak solution, by an ordinarily skilled author.

DEATH ON THE AISLE, by Frances and Richard Lockridge. The Norths and their police sidekick, Lieutenant Weigand, get mixed up with a murder during a rehearsal in a West Forty-fifth Street theatre. Stabbing and drowning are made pleasant by this expert writing team.

•

Tyrone Power, 28, film actor, applied today for enlistment in the United States Naval Reserve.

Navy officials said Power, if accepted, probably would be rated as a chief pretty officer in the morale and recreation division.—*Chicago Herald-American.*

Undoubtedly.

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DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*Notice posted in an apartment-house elevator*]

On Thursday at 8 P.M. there will be an incendiary bomb demonstration and a lecture on the effects of high explosive bombs at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, 90th Street and Fifth Avenue.

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LUXURIOUS FLAVOR
DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER
RICH BODY
DELICATE AROMA
5 Years Old For "Tang" –5 per cent
5 Years Old For Flavor– 33 per cent
5 Years Old For Character –50 per cent
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11 Years Old For Aroma –1 per cent
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5 Great Whiskies "WEDDED" into One!

- If taste can be pictured, *this* is a picture of the enjoyment a sip of *Golden Wedding* gives you!

These 5 prized whiskies—5 to 11 years old—have been "wedded" skillfully to give you the finest qualities of all five *in one!* It's a taste no picture can tell you about. Try *Golden Wedding* yourself, tonight!

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A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF. As you prefer—Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in Golden Wedding *are 5 years or more old. 88%, 5 years old. 11%, 6 years old. 1%, 11 years old. Jos. S. Finch & Company, Incorporated, Schenley, Pennsylvania.*

taste tells! 1810

IT FOUNDED THE FAME OF PENNSYLVANIA RYE

In the early days of our republic, the hardy settlers of western Pennsylvania made their own whiskey. But one of these many pioneer whiskies was so outstanding in character and richness that men often rode through the wilderness from sunup to sundown to get a jug of it. That whiskey was the fine, full-bodied rye that Abraham Overholt distilled on the mist-shrouded banks of the Youghiogheny . . . . a whiskey so rare in flavor that it was destined to establish Pennsylvania rye as one of the world's choicest liquors. With the passing years, the fame of Old Overholt spread from tavern to tavern and from city to city as barrels of Old Overholt were freighted to the Atlantic seaboard by Conestoga wagons and shipped down the Ohio and the Mississippi on flatboats and stern-wheelers. Thus, as the country grew and prospered, so grew the prestige and popularity of this magnificent Pennsylvania rye until

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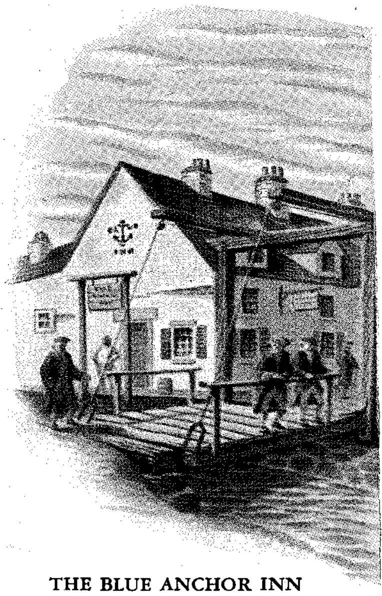

THE BLUE ANCHOR INN
where William Penn ate his first meal in the colony he founded. Here, as in other famous Pennsylvania taverns, Old Overholt was served when the republic was young.

. . . . IT IS TODAY AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY

taste tells! 1942

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